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RELEASED AFTER NOVEMBER 1st, 1923

"His Children's Children"

A Sam Wood production, with Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, George Fawcett, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, Hale Hamilton and others. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the famous novel by Arthur Train.

"The Light That Failed"

By Rudyard Kipling. A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Jack Cunningham.

"The Spanish Dancer"

Starring Pola Negri. A Herbert Brenon production, with Antonio Moreno, supported by Wallace Beery, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew. Written for the screen by June Mathis, and Beulah Marie Dix from the play "Don Cesar de Bazan," by Adolphe D'Ennery and P. S. P. Dumanoir.

"Stephen Steps Out"

Starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with Theodore Roberts, supported by Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Forrest Robinson. Directed by Joseph Henabery. From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Edfrid Bingham.

"The Call of the Canyon"

A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Charles Ogle. Adapted by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"Speejacks"

A motion picture record of A. Y. Gowen's famous voyage around the world in a 98-foot motor boat.

"West of the Water Tower"

Starring Glenn Hunter, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zazu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"Wild Bill Hickok"

Starring William S. Hart (in an original story by himself), supported by Ethel Grey Terry and featuring Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Screen play by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"Big Brother"

By Rex Beach. A Sam Wood production, with Tom Moore and a distinctive cast. Adapted for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

"Flaming Barriers"

A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno, Theodore Roberts, Walter Hiers, Sigrid Holmquist. By Byron Morgan. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"The Humming Bird"

Starring Gloria Swanson. An Allan Dwan production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Julian Johnson.

"Every Day Love"

A William deMille production, with Jack Holt and Nita Naldi. Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry," by Julian Street. Screen play by Clara Beranger.

"The Heritage of the Desert"

A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels and Ernest Torrence. Directed by Irvin Willat. Adapted by Doris Schroeder.

"Pied Piper Malone"

Starring Thomas Meighan. Supported by Lois Wilson and a big cast. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

"My Man"

Starring Pola Negri. A Herbert Brenon production. Supported by Charles de Roche. Written for the screen by Fred Jackson from the play "Mon Homme" by Andre Picard and Francis Carco.

"When Knights Were Bold"

Starring Glenn Hunter. Francis Wilson's famous comedy. By Charles Marlow. Edited and titled by Ralph Spence.

"Triumph"

Cecil B. DeMille's production, with Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque, from the Saturday Evening Post story by May Edginton. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson.

"The Stranger"

A Joseph Henabery production with Richard Dix, Leatrice Joy, and Lewis Stone. From the story "The First and the Last" by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Bertram Millhauser.

"Argentine Love"

Starring Gloria Swanson. Screen play by Julian Johnson from the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. An Allan Dwan production.

"North of 36"

James Cruze's production, with Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence and Lila Lee. By Emerson Hough.

"Woman Proof"

Starring Thomas Meighan. Story by George Ade. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY



OCT 25 1923

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a Magazine of Young Ideas



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SEASON 1923-1924

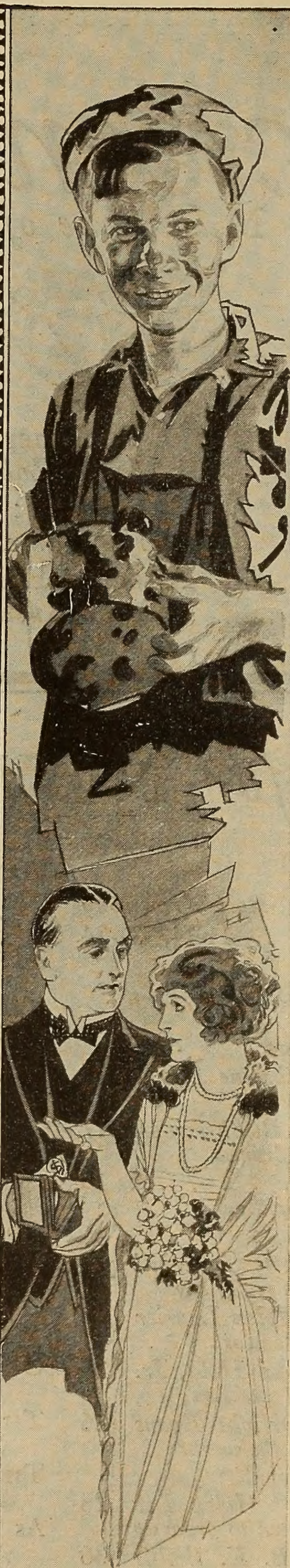
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"Babbitt"
"Daddies"
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"Cornered"
"Broadway After Dark"
"The Tenth Woman"
"Being Respectable"
"The Country Kid"
"Lucretia Lombard"
"Conductor 1492"

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Classics of the Screen



Speaking of Film Screens

IMPROVEMENT in screens since the early days of motion pictures is one of the interesting technical points of motion-picture history. S. L. Rothafel, who originated the first daylight projection a dozen or so years ago and has since been responsible for experiments in theatres under his direction, naturally knows a good deal about screens.

"The first screens used at the Capitol," said Mr. Rothafel, "were of the metallic-coated type which were then in general use in the best theatres. These screens are made by coating a fabric with a thick metallic paint such as aluminum or bronze, which, after it set or dried, was burnished or polished sufficiently to give the desired reflection. Several of the best known of these were tried, but none of them proved satisfactory. While each screen possessed some peculiar point of excellence, they all failed to produce the wished-for results. One type showed well when viewed from the main floor of the theatre, but left much to be desired when seen from the balcony. Another reversed these conditions. Still another was quite satisfactory from the centre of the main floor and also the centre of the balcony, but from the side seats of both the main floor and balcony, and also from the seats located near the stage, the results were not up to the high standard set for this theatre. It was then concluded that for a theatre having the enormous dimensions and seating capacity of the Capitol metallic screens were not suitable because of their common peculiarity of reflecting the greater part of their light within a rather narrow angle.

Screen Experiments

"THEN came a series of experiments with screens coated with various white paints and pigments known to possess reflective qualities suitable for screens. Screens of this type are known as diffused reflectors, and to a greater or less degree distribute the reflected light over a wide area. This feature makes them suitable for large theatres where the screen has to be viewed from many angles. When a theatre is shallow and wide, the task of selecting a screen is not a difficult one. There high front reflection is not necessary, owing to the fact that the seats in the centre of the house are comparatively close to the screen, and the logical screen is therefore one of the extreme diffusing type which reflects a great part of the light to the sides. This means, of course, that the front reflection is reduced in proportion, but,

since the theatre is shallow, this reduction does not matter seriously. However, when the theatre is both wide and deep, with a large balcony in addition, the problem is different. It is at once apparent that to fulfill satisfactory the requirements of good projection the screen must have the qualities of both high reflection and broad distribution or diffusion.

"Then came a screen with a coating made by mixing a white pigment with milk. For a time this seemed to solve the problem, but under the severe tests and close scrutiny to which it was subjected, it was found wanting.

Bead-Type Screens

LATER several screens of the bead type were installed. These screens were made by coating a fabric with a binder-like white lead or putty, and pressing into this binder a layer of glass beads or fine particles of opal glass. Reports from other theatres indicated that this type of screen was producing very satisfactory results, but they proved to be unsuited to the conditions and requirements of the Capitol. Many other combinations were tried, but still no screen was found which we considered entirely satisfactory. We realized that perfection had not been reached, and that nothing short of extensive experiment would solve the screen problem. One of the difficulties we encountered was due to the powerful light necessary to project so large a picture from so great distance. Natural sunlight would make projection a very simple matter. But when high-powered artificial light sources are used, there appear certain colors, particularly in the violets and blues, that are objectionable; the more powerful the light source, the more objectionable these colors become. It was therefore found necessary to tint the screen, so that these objectionable colors would be absorbed. There are, on the other hand, certain colors in the beam of light that should not be destroyed or absorbed, and which require a pure white screen in order to be properly reflected. It was obvious that if a screen were tinted to absorb certain colors, such as the blues and violets, there would no longer be any pure white screen surface left to reflect those rays that require a pure white screen.

Tinted to Absorb Colors

THE problem was discussed and a screen was installed sufficiently tinted to absorb the objectionable colors, and at the same time retaining enough pure white to reflect the desirable colors, the remaining light being comparable with

AH, CONCHITA, THE MASKED DANCER



*Feet that flash,
Toes atwinkle,
Ankles slim,
Knees that dimple;
Lips inviting,
Smile alluring,
Eyes revealing,
Yet eluding—
Velvet Mask
Her secret hiding,
Challenging all
The world to guess—
Her Reputation.*



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Gloria SWANSON

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sunlight. This is accomplished by spreading over the back of a finely woven white fabric a coating of soft rubber, tinted to any desired shade. This rubber is then forced into the pores of the fabric so that it shows on the face side of the fabric when examined with a magnifying glass as tiny pin points. These points of tinted rubber absorb the undesirable color from the rays of light that strike them, and reflect rays without the color that they absorb. On the other hand, the rays of light which strike the white threads are reflected in their entirety.

"This screen now solves the problem of uniform diffusion of light and its even distribution to all parts of the theatre, because a woven fabric of so fine a texture is uniform over its entire surface, which could not be the case with heavier fabrics or painted surfaces. It might be interesting to add in conclusion that tests conducted by the illuminating experts of the Sperry Gyroscope Company show a difference of only one foot candle power between centre and edge of screen—a perfected state which we believe exists on no other screen."

Films Like War

"**M**OTION pictures are in some respects like war," said Joseph Plunkett, managing director of the Strand Theatre in New York City. "We are willing to forget the distressing things about them if the promise of some state of improvement is in the offing. The analogy also holds true in another direction: A few great upheavals are required before the motion pictures, like nations, can improve. Before the birth of a new era such disorders are natural consequences. That is probably why I feel that there is little necessity to despair of the infant film. It has grown from comparative nothingness to its present-day status in a remarkably short time. But perhaps the motion picture's extreme youthfulness is the weakest defense for shortcomings that are not so apparent as the hypercritical make them out. The motion picture is a prodigy if ever there was one, and a little impatience with it may possibly rouse it to greater moments."



Motion Picture Directory

- ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES**, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION**, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT)**, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION**, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Calif.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.
- GOLDWYN, SAMUEL**, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.
- W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- MASTODON FILMS, INC.**, C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; Glendale, Long Island.
- METRO PICTURE CORPORATION**, 1540 Broadway, New York City; Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1295 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- PATHE EXCHANGE**, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors).
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.
- PREFERRED PICTURES**, 1650 Broadway, New York City; Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. **Tom Forman**, **Victor Schertzinger** and **Louis J. Gasnier Productions**.
- PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION**, 1540 Broadway, New York City; 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- R-C PICTURES CORPORATION**, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION**, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA**, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.
- WARNER BROTHERS**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Directory of New York Speaking Theaters

BOOTH—*The Seventh Heaven*. One of the long run hits of the New York theatres.

BROADHURST—*The Good Old Days*. A lively comedy of the Volstead Act, before and after taking. George and Charles Winninger assist the production materially.

CASINO—*Wildflower*. Attractive musical score with ingratiating cast.

COHAN—*Adrienne*. One of the most entertaining musical shows of the summer. Good score and a good company. Enlivened by Richard Carle and Billy B. Van.

CORT—*Merton of the Movies*. All of the delightful satire of the book preserved in dramatic form. The one satire of the movies, well done by Glenn Hunter.

EARL CARROLL—*Vanities of 1923*. A summer revue, with Peggy Hopkins as the star.

ELTINGE—*The Woman on the Jury*. A drama of the effect of the feminine gender on a jury box in an important criminal case.

FRAZEE—*Tweddles*. Delightful Booth Tarkington—George Leon Wilson comedy with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon as the usual adolescent lovers.

GAIETY—*Aren't We All?* Amusing comedy from London, with Cyril Maude as the chief gentle funmaker.

GARRICK—*The Devil's Disciple*. Revolutionary drama with a typical George Bernard Shaw last act.

GLOBE—Fifth edition of George White's *Scandals*. Profligate display of costumes and settings and a cast

of more than ordinary worth. Best show of the White series.

KLAW—*The Breaking Point*. A drama of amnesia, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. McKay Morris has the leading role.

LITTLE—*Polly Preferred*. A comedy of the films, reopening after summer vacation.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—*Rain*. Powerful and absorbing drama of morals and ethics in the South Seas, superbly done by Jeanne Eagels.

MOROSCO—*Red Light Annie*. A lurid melodramatic version of a girl's progress in a big city through temptation to regeneration. Mary Ryan is the girl.

PLAYHOUSE—*We've Got to Have Money*. A fast moving comedy of finances and romance, with Robert Ames in the leading role.

REPUBLIC—*Abie's Irish Rose*. An Irish-Hebrew comedy of prejudices wiped away by the patter of little feet. Has been running more than a year.

SELWYN—*Helen of Troy*, N. Y. A smart musical comedy, with a vein of satire, plenty of laughs and a score that is whistleable without being pretentious. Queenie Smith makes it doubly enjoyable.

VANDERBILT—*Two Fellows and a Girl*. A comedy of adolescence by Vincent Lawrence; prepared for home consumption by George M. Cohan.

WINTER GARDEN—*Passing Show*. The usual undress revue with the usual comedians.

The New Baby

Having a new baby in the home is about the most exciting thing that can happen. The "little stranger," as the poets like to call the baby, cops off most of the conversation and an awful lot of attention from the proud parents. Sometimes the older child gets his nose out of joint, but most often Big Brother is just as crazy about the infant as anyone else.

All of which means that SCREENLAND MAGAZINE is so proud of its baby sister, REAL LIFE STORIES, that it wants to tell the world what a fine youngster has arrived. The amusing thing is that REAL LIFE STORIES is already as big as SCREENLAND—108 pages, standard magazine size—and that SCREENLAND is not a bit jealous of the fact that REAL LIFE STORIES is already walking like a year old, and is threatening to take up skiing and airplaning.

Its amazing vitality for one so young—100,000 copies of the first issue sold in record time—is no doubt due to the life-blood which has been pumped into it from the hearts of our readers. For the book is made up of stories that are real—as true as that love is the greatest thing in the world and that sin is its own punishment. A book full of deep tenderness, glowing wholesomeness, cleansing tears and saving laughter. A really charming baby!

Just buy a copy of the November issue, out October 15, and see for yourself!

Real Life Stories

We Want YOU To Write For Screenland

SCREENLAND realizes that it must be in direct touch with its readers.

It must have the pulse of the public.

To reflect this accurately, SCREENLAND wants you to write for its columns.

Beginning with an early issue, SCREENLAND will conduct a department consisting of the best contributions of its readers. Every contributor will be paid for his work—according to the importance of the contribution and its individual merit.

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Mr. Bloom at the pleasant task of interfering with his director, who can't "see" the girl at all, as star material. But Mr. Bloom has his way, for isn't she a girl from his home town? Enough!
(From A HOME-TOWN GIRL).



A NEW high note of comedy and understanding of human nature is struck with such bell-like clearness in a gorgeous series of Hollywood stories that already they are being talked about and looked forward to.

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Enclosed find \$4.00 (stamps, money or check) for one year's subscription to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE and to REAL LIFE STORIES, on your combination offer a saving to me of \$2 a year over the single copy price.

THE November number of REAL LIFE STORIES will be on sale on all newstands October 15. In it you will find fifteen short stories and installments of two absorbing serials, as well as four

pages of lovely portraits in rotogravure and four pages of stage and screen gossip, with a great many pictures. Certainly a big quarter's worth.

AN INTERESTING BARGAIN

Since you are already a purchaser of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, why not economize? It seems rather silly to spend \$6.00 (the single copy price for two 25c magazines for a year) for what \$4.00 will buy—doesn't it? By clipping the coupon below, filling in your name and address, and enclosing it with a check, money order or stamps in the amount of \$4.00 (\$6.00 foreign and Canada), you secure SCREENLAND MAGAZINE and REAL LIFE STORIES, two totally different magazines, for a year. The yearly subscription price of each magazine is \$2.50; hence you save an even dollar for taking advantage of this combination offer.

If you are already a subscriber to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, send the coupon with the request that your subscription to SCREENLAND be extended one year, and your subscription to REAL LIFE STORIES be started with the November issue, which will be a "whale" of a magazine, even if we do say so ourselves.

REAL LIFE STORIES

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THOMAS MEIGHAN
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SIGRID HOLMQUIST
by EDWIN BOWER HESSER



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by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Q Has "C. B." really a message in the Ten Commandments, or is he still Posing?

Well, Mr. De Mille WE'RE WAITING!

By Katherine Albert

WHAT is the matter with Cecil B. De Mille?

He has been giving us drivel. He has been giving us rot. His only contributions to the cinema have been along the lines of indirect lingerie and direct plumbing.

He can't believe, down in his heart, that he



is right. Surely, he doesn't think that real people devote themselves to hiding their telephones in funny disguises. He must know that they do not write with ostrich feather fans. He must realize that the every American home doesn't possess a bathing pool in the dining room. Probably he has guessed that few women have time to spend half a day in an ornate bath.

These things, of course, are but symbols of the false standards he has set. He has been giving us wrong ideas of life and he apparently hasn't cared. He has been playing at life—with an eye on the box office.

De Mille Wears a Mask

DE MILLE has gotten away with it because of his pose of cynicism. De Mille wears a mask. He is a man behind a curtain. We wonder if he has chuckled secretly at his own pictures.

Still . . . maybe not. The fact remains that he has always surrounded his characters with fantastic costumes and expensive sets far from the reality of things. He has deliberately distorted the superficials of life. He succeeded

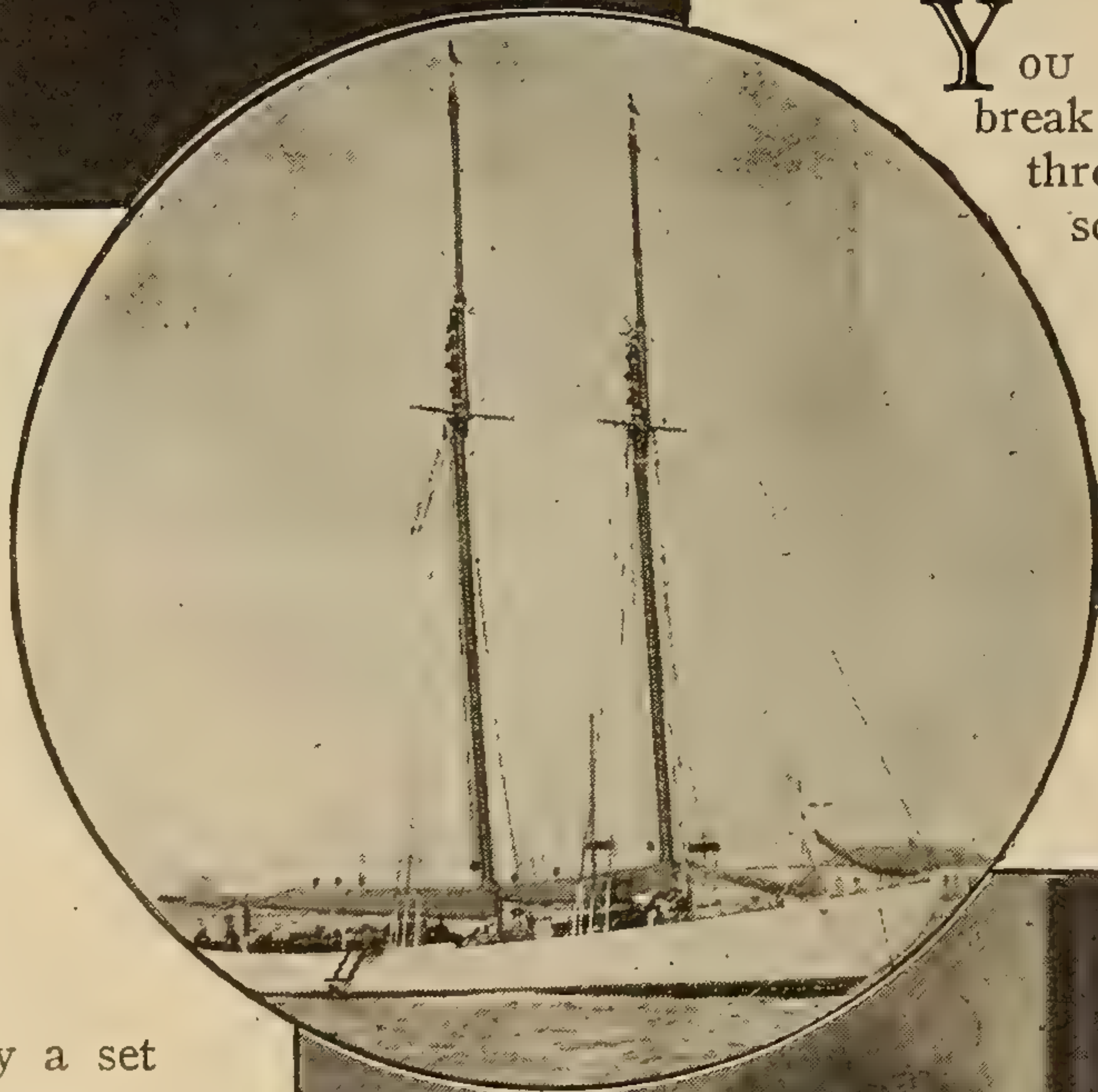
Q Why do the De Mille pictures lack a soul? Because the director is surrounded by satellites who thrill over his "marvelous" sets. They destroy De Mille's perspective upon himself.

because he went to the skin—and he has failed because he hasn't gone beneath it.

Why do the De



De Mille wears a mask. He is a man behind a curtain. When he plays he does it mostly upon his schooner yacht *Seaward*, shown in the circle. When he works, *Jeanie MacPherson*, pictured below, is his chief aid.



Mille, productions lack a soul?
Because—

Surrounded by Satellites

DE MILLE is surrounded by a set of satellites. They are the little extra girls who thrill over his "marvelous" sets. They are his actors who, stupid themselves, hang upon his every word. They are his publicity men who meekly write down everything he says and give it to the public. All this probably makes him seem more vain than he really is. In his heart of hearts he must have a disgust for this sort of thing and he must know that it is false. He must know he is posing, but he feels called upon to impress his co-workers. He tries to impress his interviewers and his public.

But the public is tired of it. The public wants something real from the man. It wants to know the man who lives behind the strange, oddly analytical eyes. To De Mille pictures have been a tin-

sely inferior work which has made him money. He has played with the world. He has thought that he could get by with giving the public views of a sham phase of life created from his own imaginations.

A Peacock without a Voice

DE MILLE may be likened to the gorgeous peacock who lacks a singing voice. And it's time for De Mille to sing.

Will *The Ten Commandments* atone for De Mille's sins against the photoplay—and life?

Has De Mille seen the handwriting on the screen?

One thing is sure about *The Ten Commandments*. De Mille believes he has a big production. He believes he is making the biggest thing ever created in celluloid. And, if reports are right, he believes there is more than a touch of inspiration in it.

And yet this may be just the De Mille pose again.

Who can tell? De Mille looks upon himself as the chosen director. To him has fallen the lot of filming a Biblical message. He—and he alone—is to bring comfort and education to millions. And this will be the De Mille message as he sees it:

De Mille's Fancied Message

YOU do not break the ten commandments; they break you. Moses' laws have been neglected through ignorance and pride and bigotry. The screen, via De Mille, will set people right.

De Mille says, in substance, that he started to film the ten commandments thinking of their dramatic possibilities but that he has come to realize his responsibilities.

He is—he says—awed to the heart. He believes that the Lord is with him.

In a flippant way he speaks of the remarkable run of "luck" he has had during the making of the picture—but he speaks of it. (Continued on page 95)



Q The film cutter goes unsung—but he wields a wicked pair of shears.

SURGEONS *of the Screen*

By Robert E. Sherwood

Drawing by Oscar Frederick Howard

THE average movie fan, in appraising a picture, thinks only in terms of directors, actors and, occasionally, continuity writers. They get the credit or blame—and deservedly, because they form the creative force which brings the picture into being.

However, there is an obscure, unromantic individual who plays a tremendously important part. He is called the "Cutter," and, although the public never gives him a second, or even a first thought, he often has the power to unmake the work of director, actor and continuity writer combined.

Deadly but Unimposing

THE cutter is usually an unimposing sort of person, unknown, unsung and utterly devoid of that glamour which surrounds his more celebrated colleagues. His name may appear on a film in connection with the art director, the assistant director, the camera-man, etc., but no one ever notices it; and when he travels, he never has to use an assumed name.

In spite of this, he wields a wicked pair of shears. Frequently, he saves a picture that would otherwise have been a total flop—or he ruins a film that actually possesses all the elements of triumphant success. Whatever he does, he is cordially hated and feared by everyone else in the studio—and totally ignored by everyone out of it.

The Duty of the Cutter

HE WORKS in a stuffy room surrounded by interminable strips of film, which he must reduce to a required length and piece together into a coherent whole. He must make sure that each episode is in its proper place, and that it is neither too long nor too short.

Before he is finished with his job, he finds that the film is twisted around his neck, is down his throat and in his ears, and has wound its celluloid tentacles about his very soul. His fingers are sticky

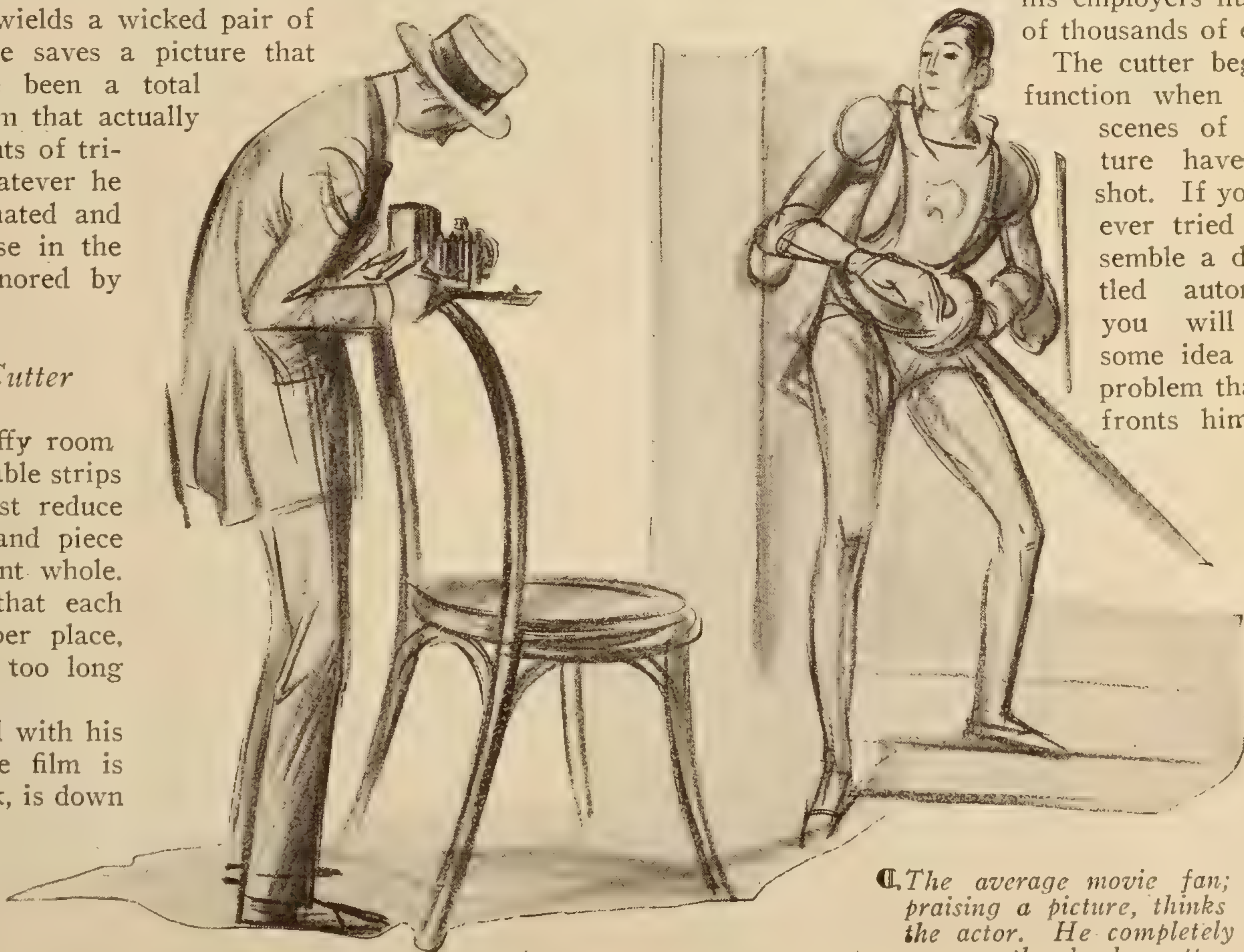


Q Mr. Sherwood, author of this article, has just cut "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." This scene, with Patsy Ruth Miler as Esmeralda and Eulalie Jensen as Marie, got by safely.

with the cement that is used to glue the patches together, and his eyesight is impaired by constant concentration on the millions of frames that he must scrutinize.

He can't even smoke at his work, because celluloid is inflammable—and a badly directed cigarette butt would cost his employers hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The cutter begins to function when all the scenes of a picture have been shot. If you have ever tried to assemble a dismantled automobile, you will have some idea of the problem that confronts him. He



Q The average movie fan; in appraising a picture, thinks only of the actor. He completely forgets the lowly cutter.



Another scene from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* which escaped the scissors.

must put the thing together and make sure that it works.

Every big producing company has two relays of cutters—one at the studios in Hollywood, and another at the executive offices in New York. The second relay is always more powerful than the first, because it has the last crack at the pictures. Indeed, when a film is shipped from California to New York, it is apt to undergo changes so radical that those responsible for making it can recognize it only by the backgrounds used in the art titles.

Recently, I had an intimate glimpse of this strange phase of the great cinematographic art. I was invited by Universal to inspect the working print of their mammoth production of Victor Hugo's story, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

I had heard vague, disquieting rumors about this picture. Word had drifted east from the sleepy boulevards of Hollywood to the effect that *The Hunchback* was due for a flop. A cool million, or thereabouts, had been expended on it—and the results were not apparently worthy of the investment.

Cutting "Hunchback of Notre Dame"

HOWEVER, being a movie critic, I was only too glad to see the picture in advance. Imagine my surprise on finding that *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* possessed qualities of extraordinary merit. Just imagine it!

After the film was over, I was asked an opinion. I answered that, so far as I knew, it was a grand picture—but that the continuity didn't quite hang together and the subtitles were much too flowery.

"Can you undertake to remedy this for us?" was the next leading question.

This was a facer. A critic can usually express his opinions without being compelled to explain them. When he says a picture is rotten he isn't supposed to tell how it might be made good. If he could do that, he wouldn't be a critic.

But I was cornered, and I feebly admitted that I might try. So I became one of the army of cutters who were then engaged in editing *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Trimming Out a Fortune

IT WAS an interesting job. Here was a picture that had cost a great deal of money. It represented several months of

heroic work by its director, Wallace Worsley; by its actors, Lon Chaney, Ernest Torrence and the rest, and by all the other citizens of Universal City who had been striving to make it a success. It was a superhuman effort on their part—the best that they could give.

And yet here was I, and several others like me, called upon to censor the work of these determined laborers and whip it into form for popular consumption. It seemed like a bit of gross effrontery on my part to step in at the last minute and tamper with something that had been made by others with the sweat of their official brows.

However, I swallowed my scruples and went to work.

My colleagues in the cutting room were Hugo Risenfeld, director of the Rivoli and Rialto Theatres in New York, and Max Fleischer, who creates the ingenious *Out of the Inkwell* animated cartoons.

Our first task was to decide, "What is wrong with this picture?" Each of us picked out the flaws that seemed to be most glaring, and then lumped the complaints together. When we had filed these reports, it looked very much as though there would be nothing left in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* except the Hunch.

What Happened in Cutting Room

WE THEN started to remedy the various defects as best we might. There were too many mob scenes, so these were cut to the bone. There were episodes that had no direct bearing on the story, so these were lopped out. There were characters overplayed, so these were trimmed. There were moments when the most important characters were allowed to drop out of sight, so the arrangement of sequences was altered in order that the distribution might be more even.

All through the picture, the tempo was pepped up materially.

When this arduous task had been completed, we set to work on the sub-titles—and here was the most delicate problem of all. The original titles had been couched in the stilted phraseology of Victor Hugo's novel, so that the various characters were going around saying lines like, "Fie! I know thy reputation. Thou wouldst say as much to any maiden," and, "Think ye to take our Esmeralda for a plaything? Have done with her or I'll slit thy throat."

Cutting Slang of 1482

THESE flowery utterances had to be simplified, because many words and phrases that were considered good slang in 1482 are practically unknown to movie fans of the present day. Moreover, the titles weren't quite consistent. In some of them, the "Thee" and "Thou" form was used, while others were content with the everyday "You." And in one title, a lady of King Louis' court was forced to utter the word "Cute."

The result was that, out of 199 titles, only five remained unchanged. The rest were either re-worded and boiled down, or were completely altered to fit the continuity as it had been revised in the cutting process.

Thus is a strange situation brought about. Dr. Risenfeld, Max Fleischer and myself revised *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* to suit our own ideas—although we actually had nothing to do with its preparation, and we shall receive no credit or blame for its success or failure. (Continued on page 94)

VON STROHEIM

We Hand

*It to
You!*

SO MUCH has been written about *Merry-Go-Round*, the Universal production started by Eric Von Stroheim and finished by Rupert Julian, that SCREENLAND has investigated carefully the making of the picture.

To the observing, this story of decadent Vienna has the imprint of the Von Stroheim hand everywhere. Yet, following the New York premier, Julian announced in advertisements that the final print had in it but 600 feet of Von Stroheim's original and that he (Julian) had actually changed the various characters. In other words, he essentially claimed *Merry-Go-Round* as his own.

The actual truth about *Merry-Go-Round* is:

Facts about Merry-Go-Round

THAT Von Stroheim wrote and worked out all the details of the story, although Harvey Gates was later called in by Universal to condense and cut the script for Julian.

That all the research and details were developed by Von Stroheim.

That the costumes were selected and ordered by him.

That the essential properties, including the emperor's carriage, were imported at Von Stroheim's direction.

That all the real sets of the picture were built under Von Stroheim's eye.

That the cast was selected by Von Stroheim. Mary Philbin was a Von Stroheim discovery. The director himself wanted to play the count but, when Universal insisted that he confine himself to directing, he gave way and selected Norman Kerry.

That Von Stroheim actually "shot" on the picture for about five weeks.

Q. Who really was responsible for the unusual qualities of "*Merry-Go-Round*"—Von Stroheim or Julian?

Q. This question is answered for the first time here.



Then the break came between Von Stroheim and Universal—and Julian entered upon the scene. If you have seen *Merry-Go-Round* in its present form you will be interested to know just how Von Stroheim's original story worked out.

The present version follows the Von Stroheim original fairly closely up to the point where the count, rehabilitated in the spiritual stress of the war, returns to Vienna and its amusement park, the Prater. This scene was to have taken place in mid-winter, with the various concessions encrusted in heavy snow. Here the count and Agnes Urban, the little player of the merry-go-round hurdy gurdy, were to meet—and the officer was to learn that the girl, during the war, had promised to marry the faithful hunchback.

From behind a bush banked with ice and snow the hunchback was to overhear all this—and to realize that the girl loved the officer.

How the Tragedy Ended

THE camera was to follow the girl as she parted from her lover and then to swing back to the bush, as a tiny spiral of smoke ascended from its snowy branches.

(Continued on page 100)

Adventuring *among the* STARS

SOONER or later everybody who writes about other people in the form of interviews is asked to write about himself and his own reactions to these interviews. Old Boswell probably started it but there was Elbert Hubbard, who called his memories "Little Journeys to the Great," and there was Isaac Marcossan, the demon interviewer; and Samuel Blythe, all of whom have recorded their reactions. So now we are invited to do the same thing. This is our first offence. Once before an editor said to us, "How would you like to write about the people you have interviewed?" And we, all enthusiastic, began to outline our story; only our sense of humor got the better of our discretion and we told him what the people were really like. "And when she pretended she was French, and said, 'I cannot sink how you say eet in Engleesh,' I longed to reply, 'Well, say it the way they say it in Cincinnati, I can understand that'." But I didn't give the retort courteous.

Meeting the Screen Celebrities

"HOW shall I write about my interviews with celebrities?" we asked the editor. "Write about your views of celebrities and what you didn't say to them," he replied brightly.

So, when the story was finished, the editor used it but he left out the names and substituted "a certain actress" or "a well-known actor," instead. This will be our first record of adventures in interviewing and maybe when this appears the editor will have substituted "Mr. X" or "Miss Blank" for the names which we are about to write on this virgin sheet. It all depends on how indiscreet we become.

Charles de Roche, says Miss Underhill, is the most attractive of our leading men. He is here shown as Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments."

Likes Pola Negri Best

POLA NEGRI we like the best of all the women we have interviewed, though we have an idea it wouldn't be any fun being her secretary



DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

The famous screen writer tells what she really thinks of the celluloid luminaries—and what they really said to her when she met them.

By Harriette Underhill

or companion. We do not understand German but when we were having luncheon with the Polish star in her dressing room over at the Famous studio we didn't care at all for the way she said "Raus!" to her secretary when she inadvertently came into the room. Pola is brilliant, perhaps arrogant, and amazingly witty.

When she came to America a year ago, she



Alice Terry is utterly unlike the "Alice Ben Bolt" type you expect. She is baffling—with a rapier-like wit.

spoke hardly a word of English. Last March when we were on the coast we found to our astonishment that Pola not only speaks good English but that she

also speaks and understands American in all its forms.

"I can say everything in your language excepting 'Waurel leath'," she announced one night when we were dining with her and with Charlie Chaplin. "What is a waurel leath?" we inquired for everything that Pola says is interesting. "It's a thing you wear on your head when you have done something great!" "She means laurel wreath," explained Charlie. "Yes," she agreed, "waurel leath."

Why Pola Is Ostracized

POLA didn't like the climate nor anything else in Hollywood and she didn't care for the dinky little restaurants where the man whose face is "vaguely familiar but you can't place it" turns out to be the soda clerk at the corner drug store; and the lady in pink cheese cloth dancing with him who was described by her partner as "a big movie star" is identified as one of the mob in Eric Von Stroheim's new picture.

As we were saying, these simple pleasures did not appeal to Pola; so Pola was frowned on. Nobody approved of her; she was ostracized—and it annoyed (Continued on page 103)

Miss Underhill admires Pola Negri more than any feminine star she ever met—and she explains why the Polish star likes being unpopular.



The BEST LOVERS of the Screen as Peggy Joyce sees them

By Helen Laurier

WHO are the best lovers on the screen?

I put the question to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, professed connoisseur of the art of lovemaking, and was surprised to discover that—

She found nothing thrilling in Rodolph Valentino as a Romeo.

But she did award the honors for celluloid lovemaking to William Haines, the juvenile lover in *Three Wise Fools*. Since Mr. Haines is essentially unknown, he should step forward to make a bow.

She awards second honors to Ralph Graves, now playing opposite Marion Davies.

Only Gloria Knows How to Kiss

AS FOR the women, says Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Gloria Swanson is the only one who knows how to kiss—and how to demonstrate on celluloid that she does.

Here's how she explains it.

It actually isn't the kiss itself that counts.

"It's really all in getting up to the kiss," Peggy explains. "Technique is what I believe in. The way a lover looks at you and works into it—that's what is important. And the way he uses his arms. . . .

The Most Marvelous Kiss

"THE most marvelous kiss I've ever seen, the most wonderful kiss I ever hope to see, is the one given by Bill Haines in *Three Wise Fools*. He puts Rudie in the amateur try-outs. That kid just grabbed the girl and kissed her . . . kissed her as any young flapper longs to be kissed. Yes, even as I would like to be kissed.

"I was only in the audience, but I felt that kiss—felt it all through me. It was the kiss I've wanted all my life! Oh, dear! And that little ingenue got it. Such a waste!

"I don't know

"It isn't the kiss itself that counts," says Peggy Hopkins Joyce. "It's really all in the getting up to the kiss. Technique is what I believe in."



Q *Peggy Joyce's list of the only screen players who know how to make love:*

William Haines

Ralph Graves

Lionel Barrymore

Gloria Swanson



why it is, but I've remembered that kiss and nothing in real life has ever come up to it.

No Thrill from Rudie

“Y ou know, Rudie would be all right as a lover—if I didn't know him! But he looks on the screen as though he didn't register more than 98 degrees normal when he's kissing—to me anyway. There's no thrill in watching *him* kiss!

“Gloria Swanson, now, is the girl who knows how to kiss and the only one who does. In a kiss, she's, she's so voluptuous . . . why, she's perfect! Most screen stars think that if their lips meet for a certain length of time and with a fair amount of force—that *that's* a kiss! They don't know that they have bodies and souls. Gloria Swanson does and she makes you know that *she* feels the kiss all through her. It isn't just acting.

Pola Doesn't Feel Her Kisses

“T HAT'S what Pola Negri does—just acts—acts as though she were being kissed! Isn't it silly though? Not

to be able to kiss?

But really she never did—except in that one picture, *Passion*.

In her other pictures she looks as though kissing meant eating

ice cream. Something cooling and refreshing!

Most people think she is the great screen vamp, because she's foreign and foreigners are supposed to be passionate and skilled in kissing, but Pola Negri can take lessons from Gloria all right.

“Movies affect me so deeply! I went to see *Enemies of Women* and I cried like a child all through it . . . just like a child! Plays never move me. They are so boring. No play has ever moved me like *Enemies of Women*. It was splendid. I sobbed even after the picture was over. But then Lionel Barrymore is so wonderful! He's my ideal! If you've ever seen him in a picture, you know that he's one man in a million—one who knows *how* to make love! But what did he have to get married for? There's no good in my thinking about him now. He's caught! Foolish, foolish man! Lionel is so wonderful. A star should never marry.

Q *Ralph Graves, one of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's selections as a near-perfect lover, as he will appear in Yolanda with Marion Davies.*

Q *“Most screen stars think that if their lips meet for a certain length of time and with a fair amount of force—that that's a kiss,” says Peggy Hopkins Joyce*



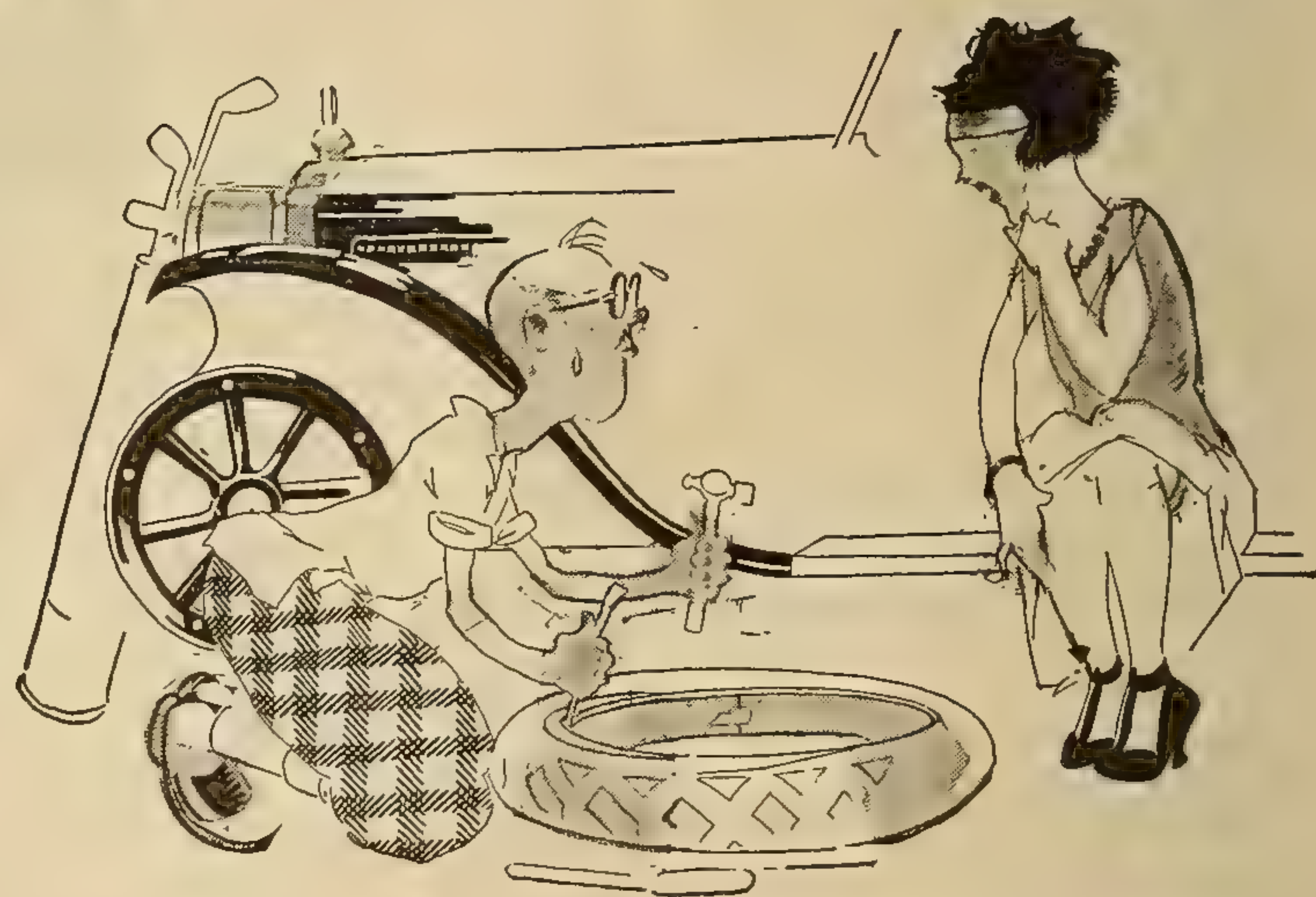
(Cont'd on p. 93)



When Phyllis becomes a screen star she will positively not awaken before 11 a. m., at which time she will summon her chariot.

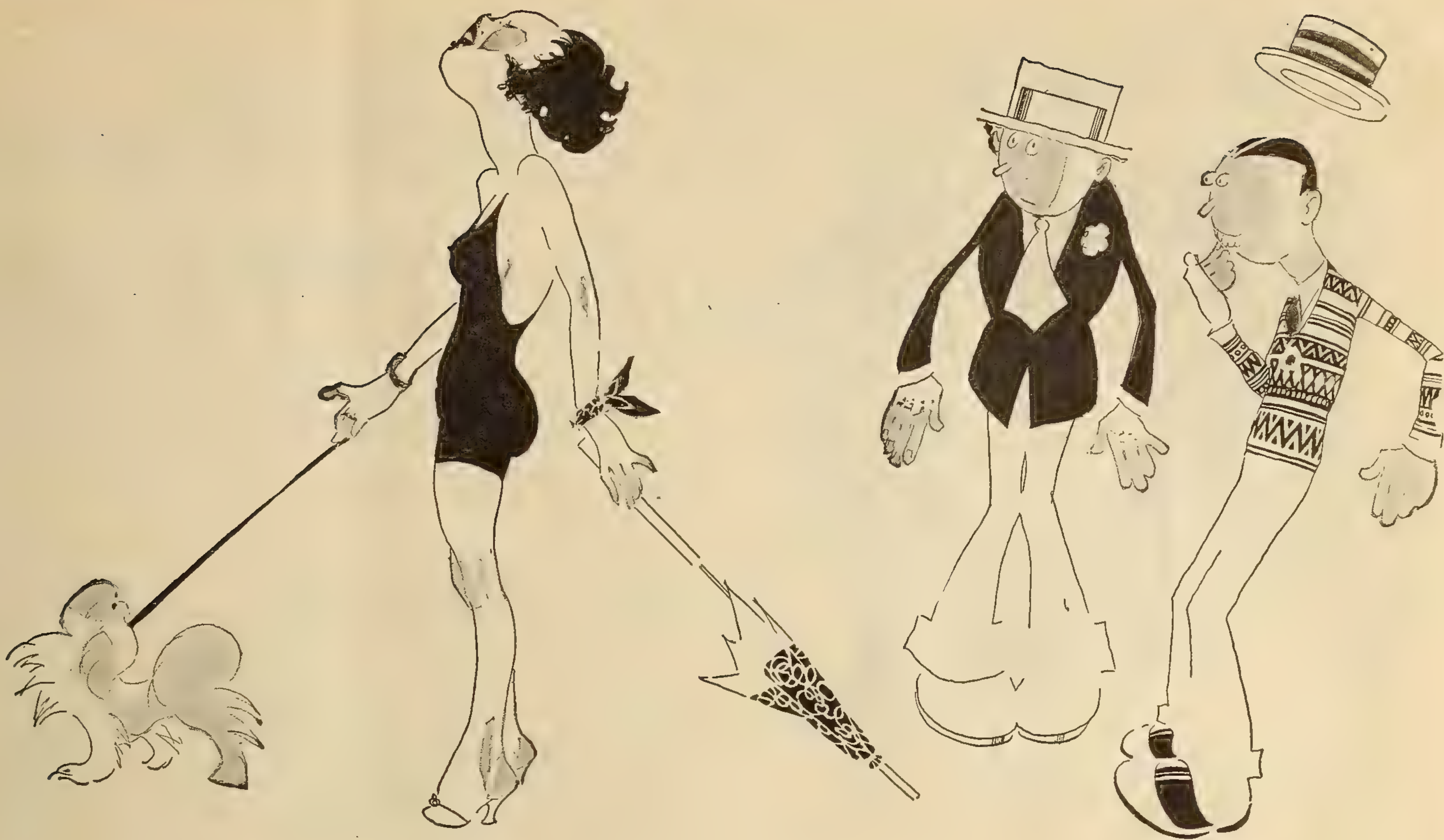
With her line of chatter, Phyllis feels sure she could get the hardest crusted director even to change a shoe on her runabout.

The way Phyllis would do a necking scene with the male star beggars description.



The Adventures of Phyllis

By John Held, Jr.



Phyllis feels sure that she could knock them for a loop in an educational film.

And, as for the final fade-out, wow!

CENSORED





The red-blooded drama—"Pinto, you an' me has travelled a long ways together, but I'm gamblin' on you to beat the posse once more."

THE more we think about it, the more we are convinced that the film of the future will be the film which depends solely upon titles and discards the antiquated idea that scenes mean anything. The theory has often been advanced that titles are unnecessary, but we believe it is the other way around. To the audience of intelligence, titles alone could tell the story—especially if you have ever been to the movies before. Here, then, are a few examples of what we may expect if we carry any weight at all in the industry.

The Redeeming Passion

OUT in the cactus country, where Man is alone with his Maker—and his Horse.

"Pinto, you an' me has travelled a long ways together, but I'm gamblin' on you to beat the posse once more."

"I'se losted."

"Pinto, 'pears like as if this little shaver is lost 'way out yere."

"I want my muvver."

"Pinto, we got to find her, if we hang for it."

A mother's anxious heart.

"My Baby!"

"Wal, Lady, me an' Pinto'll be hittin' the long, long trail agin now."

"Stranger, I haven't thanked you."

"Big mans stay."

Came, into a lawless heart, love, and the peace of a greater understanding.

Fate shuffles the cards.

The Sheriff's man-hounds seek their prey.

"Ma'am, have you seen a man on a pinto pass here?"

"God help me, no."

"Little Lady, you did this—you lied—for me!"

"You brought me back

Tell it with TITLES

By Delight Evans

Illustrated by Wynn

my baby. You brought me—love."
And a Little Child Shall Lead Them.

For her Sister's Sake, or The Higher Love

THERE are loves, and loves. But what is the love of man for maid, compared with the love of sister for sister?

Such a love did Guinevere Gluck bear her Little Sister. All-enduring, all-sacrificing, all-everything—

"Little Sister, you're not going out, alone?"

"Don't try to stop me."

"She dropped this note! 'Darling. Come to me and we will go away together. Be at my apartment tonight at eleven, without fail. Harry.'"

"The beast! I must save her."

Innocent as a newborn babe, Little Sister walks into the spider's web.

The moth and the flame.

"Ah—you are wonderful tonight."

"No, no."

"Suki, I will not need you; you may go."

"No, no."

"You are mine, all mine."

"Stop!"

"Who's there?"

"I have come to take my Little Sister home."



The Sahara Stuff—
"Germaine, clothe
madame in the gar-
ments of the east,
toute suite."

Why bother about motion picture scenes, when the subtitles tell the story?



The Society Melodrama—"I have come to take my little sister home."

"Keep out of this."
 "It is my sacred right to protect this fragile, fragrant flower from beasts like you. Come, dear."
 "Let me in—let me in, I say."
 "My God, it's Al. Hide, Little Sister, hide."
 "What, you here? You, with this man?"
 "Please trust me. I can explain."
 "You have shattered my faith in womanhood. I thought you were all that is good and lovely. I never want to see you again."

"Stop! She did it for me. I came here, alone—"
 "Guin, can you ever forgive me?"
 "You have hurt me deeply, but perhaps—some day—"
 Time, the Great Healer, moves relentlessly on, and on, and on—
 And in a little garden, far from the tinsel and glitter of cities, two hearts meet and beat again, even as in days of old.

The Sheik's Revenge

DAPHNE DARE, a beautiful American girl, in whom all the graces of the new world are mingled, with a few of the old—



Abram il Ibid, sheik of Araby——man of many fires——the east, incarnate——
 "That woman, there—get her for me."
 The wilful girl leaves her party far behind.
 "It will do you no good to scream. I am master here."
 "Beast!"
 "Germaine, clothe madame in the garments of the east, toute suite."
 "It will do you no good to scream." *****
 "Only a beast would have brought me here."
 "In the desert there is no law."
 Thus a new life begins for the girl.
 "Have you no pity?"
 "Not for my slaves." *****
 Next day.
 Amidst the trappings of that exotic, languorous, sinuous tent, like a breath of clean, sweet air Daphne finds—a Harvard pennant.
 "What does this mean?"
 "I am all-American—on my mother's side. I was stroke oar of my crew."
 "My sheik—my hero!"
 And then Dawn came.

Why Women Weep

LIKE some fair flower blooming in desert places, so Jess Jackson grew to womanhood among the mountaineers.
 A feud that had wiped out with its bloody hand all but the last surviving members of the Jackson and Taylor clans.

Love, stronger than feuds, stronger than death, stronger than onions, finds a way, as Love will.

Jim Taylor tells Jess Jackson the old, old story.

More of a beast than a man, Jack Jackson learns his cousin's secret.

"Uncle, Jess is meetin' that
 (Continued on page 79)

The Feud Film—The mountain sun, blood-red, sets on a bigger, cleaner world.

*****Except in Ohio
 *****Except in Pennsylvania



The TRAGEDY of Mary Miles Minter

By Helen Lee

It's nothing exactly to cry over—the tragedy of Mary Miles Minter. Thousands of children get a rougher deal. And it's nothing exactly to laugh about, either, because it isn't a pretty story no matter how you look at it.

The press agents helped to build the wall about Miss Minter. They painted her as a child still playing with dolls. Just a pink and white and gold little girl. Just a carefully guarded little rich girl, with plenty of chaperones and private tutors.

It's just a story of Mary's fight with her Ma and it is one of the most sordid tales ever dragged before an eager public. It involves a million dollars, several divorce suits and one murder. Parts of it sound like a scenario and you can almost hear the clicking of the camera.

A Murder and a Million

"I AM not Mary Miles Minter," shrieks the star, hysterically, "I am not a pretty, doll-faced girl. My name is Juliet O'Reilly and my mother owes me a million dollars."

On the other hand comes a moan from Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, the lady who is said to have collected and kept all Mary's earnings.

"She is just a poor misguided, ill-advised girl," sobs the mother. "If she comes home, all will be forgiven."

From down in Texas comes a faint rumble from the husband and father, from the humble worker who says he is Mary's dad.



The story of the screen child who wasn't allowed to grow up—until a murder lifted her from stunted youth to dazed womanhood.

"She isn't twenty-one—she's thirty," growls Father, "I'm her dad and I ought to know."

The story begins almost twenty years ago when Dustin Farnum appeared in a vaudeville act called *The Littlest Rebel*. Among those present in the cast was little Juliet Shelby, a blonde, curly-headed roseleaf child with a watchful Ma who collected her salary.

A Typical Stage Child

SHE looked cute and she could act a little—after the fashion of small children and trained dogs. She was the pet of the company and the delight of the audiences. Like many stage children, she was educated on the run.

The Days of "The Littlest Rebel"

"THE LITTLEST REBEL" was made into a full length play and Juliet Shelby went on the stage with it. She was a big factor in its success.

Along about that time, the movies were offering easy money to blonde children who could smile pretty at the camera. Several years before another little girl named Mary Pickford had left the stage and walked into a fortune in the studios. Mary Pickford, too, had a watchful Ma.

In those days, a Mary Pickford was a type that could be created by an ambitious mother with peroxide and a curling iron. There was big money in it.

Mary's First Picture

ONE of Mary Pickford's first managers was Daniel Frohman. Daniel had a brother named Gus who was a movie manager. It was a coincidence that Juliet Shelby, outfitted with the triple-barrelled name of Mary Miles Minter, should make her movie debut under the management of Gus, the least famous of the Frohman family.

The name of the picture was *The Fairy and the Waif*. The new Mary had a glittering and golden personality. She looked like a child out of a story book come to life. Her face had everything to be found in the face of the other Mary except character.

Among the players in *The Fairy and the Waif* was a young actress just back from a road tour named June Mathis. Because she had nothing to recommend her except brains Miss Mathis played a small part.

The little girl of *The Fairy and the Waif* made a great hit. The young Mary knew that the days of running around to agents' offices to look for work were



Mary Miles Minter is talking now in terms of a scenario—with its hokum love and melodrama.

Mary Miles Minter, according to her father, is thirty. She tried to make the step from rose and gold doll roles after the Taylor murder case had startled the public and she even tried something of the vamp character. But she slipped from the screen.





One of the last pictures taken of Mary Miles Minter and her mother, who have been separated by a bitter quarrel.

over. Mrs. Charlotte Shelby didn't have to be told twice that she had been handed an oil well, a block of Standard Oil stock and the Russian Crown Jewels.

Mama with the Brains

BUT it takes the brains of a promoter to push a profitable opportunity. Mrs. Shelby had the brains. Mary was a child, not yet of age, and she couldn't have guided her own destinies.

At that time Paramount wasn't looking for another Mary Pickford. It had the original under contract. Opportunities for big money were more limited than they are now. But the American Film Company did have a new bank-roll to spend and Mrs. Shelby showed them one way of spending it.

Dolls and Golden Curls

THE press agents turned loose on Mary Miles Minter. She was just a child, still playing with dolls. Just a pink and white and gold little girl. Just a carefully guarded little rich girl, with plenty of chaperones and private tutors.

Mary lived in Santa Barbara, away from the Hollywood movie colony. So far as the world knew, the birds and flowers were her only playmates, just as the subtitles said

about her in her pictures. But there were young men around Santa Barbara who wanted to ask Mary to dances and there was James Kirkwood, her director, who found her attractive.

Those around the studio knew that Mary sometimes kicked up a fuss at home. But the queen of the family and the master mind of the home was still Ma.

Santa Barbara was a pretty place to live but there is no denying the fact that the American was no longer a wealthy and prominent firm. Mrs. Shelby decided she had picked the wrong pay envelope. Amid threatened lawsuits, she withdrew.

"The Second Mary Pickford"

METRO was expanding in the field and decided it couldn't get along without a second Mary Pickford. Although Mary Miles Minter had never done anything more strenuous before the camera than shake her curls, Mrs. Shelby bagged an excellent contract for her little daughter.

The youthful Mary still went on playing the pretty child and the charming innocent. Life was all sugar—before the camera. Sister Margaret Shelby, who had acted a little, stopped work. Grandma, who could handle Mary, became prominent in the household.

Some of Mary's emotional gifts, suppressed before the camera, began to assert themselves in real life.

Too Young for Beaux

IT WAS a strange life. She had few friends. She wasn't encouraged to cultivate people. She had few suitors. She was supposed to be too young to have beaux. She had to battle against

plumpness. It was just one sweet picture after another in the studio. But it was no sweets in real life.

The film executives who met Mary in business conferences had many kind things to say about her. The poor kid sometimes wanted to break loose. She wanted to say things, but she didn't know how. Like most stage children, she was rather patient and docile. But there were misunderstandings with her mother and tearful flights to her grandmother.

Ma Knew What She Wanted

TO GIVE Mrs. Shelby her due, she knew what she wanted and she knew how to get it. She was out to beat the world. She was out to capture Mary Pickford's crown.

Mary Pickford left Paramount and Adolph Zukor was the third movie magnate who was looking for another Pickford. Mrs. Shelby's chance had come. The contract with Adolph Zukor was a masterpiece. The sum total of its terms was that the company was to pay Mary Miles Minter \$1,300,000 in return for which a plump, blonde pretty girl agreed to allow the cameras to shoot at her while she was romping about some scenery.

Nobody has ever been able to say positively that Mary can act. Mr. Zukor never thought (Continued on page 99)



JULANNE JOHNSTON
by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



MILDRED HARRIS
by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

From A.M. to P.M. *in NEW YORK*

Morning (But still the night before)

- | | | | |
|------|---|-------|---|
| 5:15 | Breakfast at Childs'. | 9:01 | Lady asks man in box-office if he hasn't two good seats in third row centre that night for "Rain." |
| 5:45 | 5,568 persons decide that this life doesn't get you anywhere. | 9:30 | Man from Xenia, Ohio, tells waiter that \$2.00 is too much for any breakfast ever cooked. |
| 6:30 | Flapper explains to mother that the car broke down and she tried to telephone, etc. | 10:00 | Six steamers sail for Europe loaded with actresses seeking Paris divorces. |
| 6:15 | Janitor decides it is too early to turn on the heat. | 10:27 | Chorus girl breaks early morning appointment with dressmaker. |
| 6:30 | Mayor Hylan leaves for work at City Hall. | 10:30 | First actor sighted on Broadway. |
| 6:31 | Chorus girl leaves for work at Long Island studio. | 10:46 | Dumb waiter in Bronx falls, crushing iceman. |
| 6:45 | First taxi driver of day yells "Can't you look where you're going?" | 10:58 | Newspapers appear with full account of accident in larger type than President's speech. |
| 7:01 | First broken leg of day in subway. | 11:00 | 567 breach-of-promise suits filed. |
| 7:15 | First phonograph is heard in Bronx apartment house court. | 11:25 | Chorus girl purchases Park Avenue apartment. |
| 8:00 | Movie stars leave for Fort Lee in evening clothes. | 11:30 | Movie actress, on arriving from Europe, tells reporters that she is not going to marry the Prince of Wales. |
| 8:30 | 5,789,402 griddle cakes ordered. | 11:45 | Mayor Hylan calls somebody a crook. |
| 9:00 | Movie star reads criticism in morning paper and tries to jump out of window. | | |

Noon

- | | | | |
|-------|--|------|--|
| 12:00 | Luncheon time for office boys. | 1:30 | Movie magnates at Biltmore decide that exhibitors are making too much money. |
| 12:15 | Traffic delayed in Times Square when man loses a nickel in subway grating. | 1:32 | 7,689 girls say "Sorry I kept you waiting." |
| 12:30 | 6,789,245 malted milks consumed in neighborhood of Wall Street. | 1:45 | Reformation of American drama at Hotel Algonquin. |
| 12:45 | Somebody drops an idea in lobby of Hotel Algonquin. | 1:47 | Exhibitors at Hotel Astor decide movie magnates are making too much money. |
| 12:47 | Somebody else sells the idea to scenario editor. | 1:50 | 8,907 men tell sympathetic girls that their wives don't understand them. |
| 1:00 | 4,789,673 busy men announce that they won't be back until half-past three. | 2:15 | 1,890,567 men say "Lemme pay the check," all the time keeping their hands in their pockets. |
| 1:15 | Head waiter at Ritz collapses from strain. | 2:30 | First new film company of day formed to "give public better pictures and a square deal to exhibitors." |
| 1:17 | 1,678 stenographers get free lunch at Cafe Savarin. | | |

Afternoon

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3:00 | 215 chorus girls telephone 215 girl friends to ask them how they feel after last night. | 4:30 | 789 actors remember when you could get a good glass of beer for a nickel. |
| 3:15 | Scenario editor tells Broadway playwright that he won't pay a cent over \$100,000. | 5:00 | Cocktail time in every refined home. |
| 3:31 | Dresses that were worth \$75 in morning now reduced to \$17.50. | 5:15 | A woman discovers her husband at tea at Sherry's with a strange vamp. |
| 3:45 | Mayor Hylan says he is the friend of the common people. | 5:17 | The scandal is all over town. |
| 4:00 | Star in Long Island studio asks director who he thinks he is talking to, anyway? | 5:30 | It is unanimously agreed that something ought to be done about the subways. |
- (Continued on page 89)



Ⓐ The hospital at Camp Cecil B. De Mille during the filming of the Biblical scenes of "The Ten Commandments." Here a captain of the medical corps presided with three assistants.

WAGES of REALISM

By

H. B. K. WILLIS

"**M**ORITURI te salutamus!" cried the gladiators of Rome to Caesar, centuries ago, before their blood stained the sand of the Colosseum arena in furnishing thrills for patricians and plebeians. The names of but a few of the countless victims of net and trident, of wild beasts, of the swords of their antagonists have come down to us.

Risking Life and Limb

"**W**E who are about to die salute you!" grisly greeting though it is, has not been the privilege of latter day gladiatorial prototypes, motion picture actors, named and unnamed, whose lives have been suddenly snuffed out in furnishing thrills for the silver screen. The names of but a few of the many victims of cinema catastrophes, of wild beasts, of directorial mistakes have come down even the decade and a half which spans the ascendancy of the cinematographic art.

Life, limb and the pursuit of happiness are of secondary importance to the anonymous hundreds, nay, thousands, who, for a pittance, risk payment of the wages of realism,—death, invalidism and disfigurement, so that you, sitting securely and safely in a comfortable theatre chair, may experience the thrill of a cavalry charge, the terror of a flood or the fury of a mob, without danger, by envisioning them on a silver screen.

Blithely the actors of screendom waive their liabilities for injuries incurred in a sensational shot recorded on celluloid at the order of a director full of the virus of realism. They gaily cast their lives into the balance for a five dollar check.

With hope in their heart screen realists send hundreds of lives into jeopardy. If luck smiles and but arnica is needed to allay the injuries of the hurt participants, another cinema triumph has been achieved. It is broadcast to the world. If fortune frowns and doctors, nurses and under-

takers are required, motion picture producers usurp the safeguard of surgeons. They bury their mistakes.

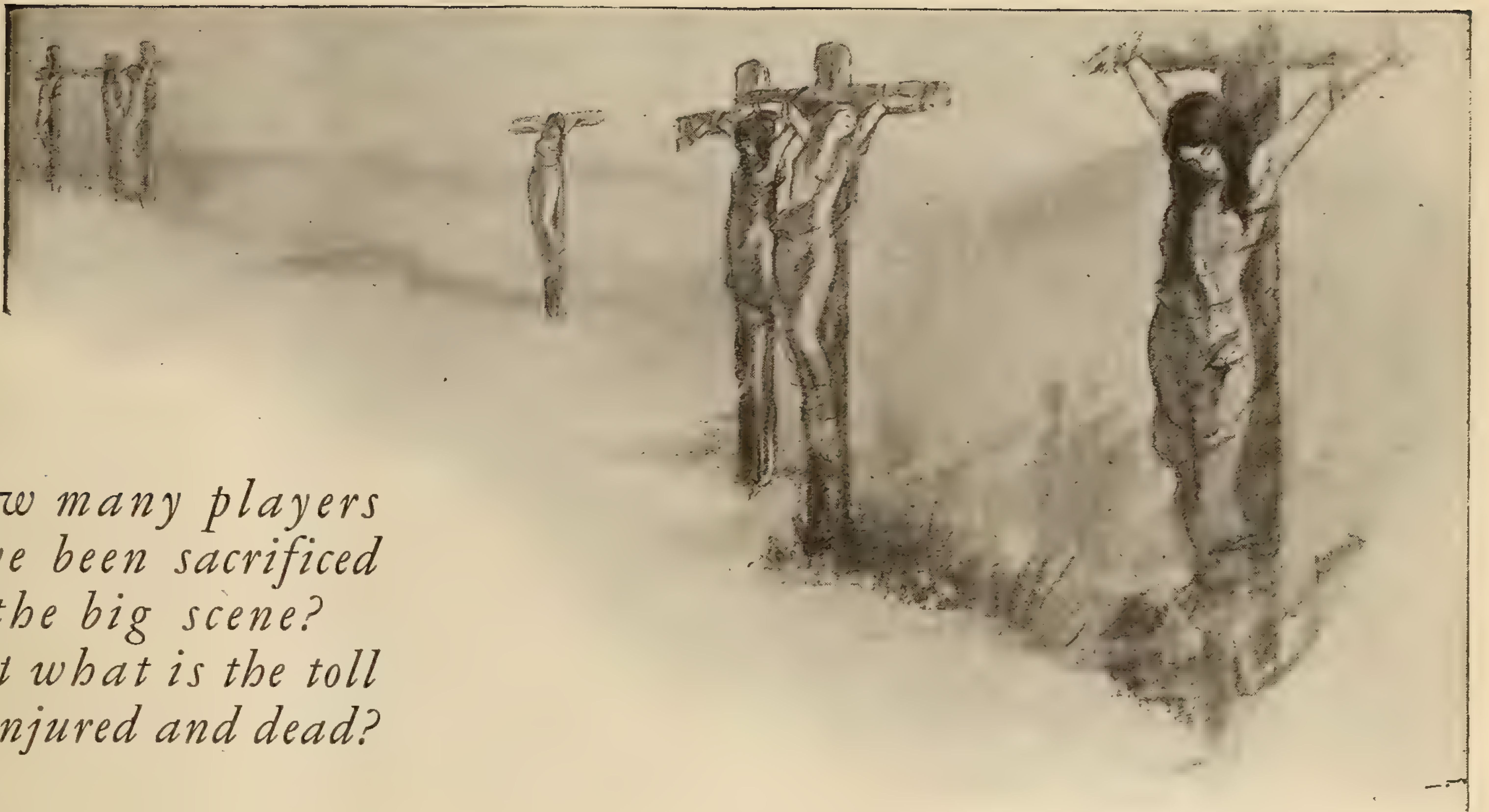
Chariot Charge That Went Wrong

THE other day I sought information of a mob scene that went wrong. The cinema gentleman was cordial in his greeting.

"They tell me," I said, "that in making



Ⓐ The sensational chariot charge in "The Ten Commandments." Note the overturned and broken chariots—the toll of film realism.



Q How many players have been sacrificed to the big scene? Just what is the toll in injured and dead?

that chariot charge, in So-and-So's picture, which ends in a melee of plunging horses, trampled men and shattered equipage, Mr. So-and-So ordered the axles sawed almost in two so a realistic 'spill' would be evolved."

"I cannot understand how such a canard could be foisted upon you," he answered. His smile congealed. Pain, grief at my gullibility was limned on his face.

Hospitals on Location

THE script called for a chariot charge. Everybody got all messed-up but fortunately but one man was injured, a broken leg.

"We protect our players in every conceivable way. We make things as safe as possible. The exhibitors demand thrills. We supply 'em but we take care of our people.

"Why, we had a hospital and a corps of doctors and nurses on that location!" he concluded indignantly. The reader can draw his own conclusions.

Broken Leg for Charioteer

THE newspapers, at the time, printed a story of the charge, telling of the man's broken leg.

"After eighteen years of anonymity as an extra, Michael Moon, 48 years old, by dint of his nerve, as the driver of a chariot in a thrilling charge, breaks into public notice, etc., etc.," was the tag on which the name of the production was hung in this instance. Moon is not the

name. Oblivion has engulfed him and his fracture once more.

The publicity man who fathered the story received no praise but only a

Q In the filming of "Auction of Souls" extra girls were kept lashed to crosses through a hot California day and into the cold night. As a result pneumonia took its toll.

reprimand for his pains for the high gods of the cinema relish not news of this character. It is not considered *comme il faut* to speak of killings, woundings and maimings resulting from picture-making, in their presence. Such conversation is strictly and definitely "out."

Chariots with Sawed Axles

THE canard of the chariot axles which had known the toil of the sawyers was not such a canard after all. Vide the words of an eye-witness:

"Those chariots were the flimsiest things I ever saw, light, cheap material thrown together almost as substantially as if they had used safety-pins. They had worked on the axles with saws so they'd get the spills they wanted."

Producers are torn between the demands of exhibitors and the desires of extras in regard to realism. The crop of exhibitors is fairly constant, so many hundred hardy perennials. The crop of extras is

so large as to drug the market. Thousands compose it. When one falls in the harvest of realism, hundreds leap to take his place. The producers pay one for the pay of the

Q When you sit in your comfortable theater chair, do you stop to think what has happened in the making of the celluloid thrills?

Q How many screen players have actually placed their lives in the balance—and how many have lost?

Q To make a recent chariot charge it is alleged that the axles of many of the flimsy wheels were partly sawed. The result was a startling melee of plunging horses and trampled men.

Q Many extras were injured when the horses stampeded during the filming of a big recent circus tent fire scene. But it meant a spectacular scene.

Q An extra girl's back was broken recently when she was tossed into a howling mob of extras. But it meant a tiny thrill for the jaded.

Q Who is at fault? The producer, the exhibitor or the audience? Are YOU to blame?



Ⓐ The mob scenes of Ingram's "Scaramouche" resulted in many burns for the extras posing as revolutionists. These burns came from the flares used to light the "reign of terror" moments.

other. Unless the exhibitors pay, the studios are quiet and the extras are jobless. Exhibitors are essential; extras, even actors honored with a name in the caste of characters, expendable.

The Harvest of Realism

THE public demands thrills. Box-office returns show it. The returns are the yard-stick which measure a film in the mind of those who exploit it. The more thrills; the more returns. It is axiomatic. The more returns; more exhibitorial commendation. Also an axiom. Hence when chided for conceding the cruel wages of realism in thrill-canning, the producers shrug their shoulders; eliminate the middlemen from explanations and blame it on the public, always inarticulate as to alibis. But it must not be gathered that producers are callous in regard to the life-toll of picture-making. Far from it. They feel it keenly. So keenly in fact that they cannot bring themselves to talk of it. Hence they are silent. Or when silence is impossible they drag in the scapegoat of trick photography. Glibly they invent and cunningly they contrive explanations how perilous scenes were shot without a single life being imperiled.

"No, sirree! Not us! We take care of our people."

When "their people" are killed

Ⓐ When Allan Holubar filmed "Men, Women and Marriage" the usual quota of injuries resulted in the filming of a charge of Amazons in the flashback episode.

or injured under circumstances which threaten an investigation, cinema coffers open to muffle grief, invalidism and pain with a blanket of banknotes. Plenty of money provides perfect protection but somehow tales of major and minor disasters keep seeping through the dikes they have built with dollars.

In the filming of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* at DelMonte last winter, a plane crashed, killing two men. Press dispatches stated the plane was used in the picture. This was denied by studio officials.

The Tragedy of Locklear

TWO years ago Omar Locklear, intrepid daredevil of the skies, lost his life before the eyes of Viola Dana, his as-

serted sweetheart, as the result of a mid-air crash at night between two planes as the unfortunate sequel to an effort to put punch in a Fox picture.

Not long ago on a local lot a wind-machine killed an unfortunate. The whirling propeller chopped him to pieces. Another lost an arm in a similar manner more recently.

Harold Lloyd had two fingers blown off by a comedy smoke-bomb in a premature explosion which proved tragic. This while posing for a "still" picture.

Extra Girl's Back Broken

THE making of a super-feature required that a girl be thrown to a howling mob. She suffered a broken back.

Many actors have been torn by wild animals. A gorilla, used in the making of *Merry-Go-Round*, developed an



antipathy toward one of the actors and nearly crushed him. Eleanor Boardman was bitten by a camel.

A double in a Goldwyn picture was required to make a motorcycle skid into a sand-pit. He did; fracturing both legs. They ran to give him aid but he waved them back and motioned to the cameramen to continue grinding.

Continuity once required that Helene Chadwick be grabbed by a husky, a la mail-sack, from a railroad station platform aboard a train, traveling at a 35 miles an hour clip. Her contusions were recorded.

"Crucified" Extra Girls

WHEN Colonel Selig made *Auction of Souls*, a propaganda picture in behalf of Armenian relief work, here several years ago, the script called for a crucifixion of a number of Armenian girls. Extra girls were substituted, of course, and were lashed, nearly nude, to crosses. They endured the blistering California noon-day sun and the chill twilight. When cut down, the sequence completed, exposure and exhaustion took their toll. Several developed pneumonia.

One of the most recent joustings with death with a thrill as the prize, no matter the outcome, narrowly missed taking the life of a beautiful screen star.

Joan Lowell, star in an Associated Authors production, tilted with fate and escaped with serious injury, I am informed from reliable sources.

The scene required Miss Lowell, clutching a child in her



In making "Souls For Sale," Rupert Hughes staged a circus tent fire in which a number of extras were hurt when the horses stampeded.

arms, to flee from pursuers, intent on her life, along the edge of cliff, bordering the sea.

A rope or a cable was stretched across her path.

The action called for her to look back at those, from whom she was trying to escape, as she ran and not glimpse the obstacle. It was to trip her and she was to plunge over the precipice.

Tripped on Cliff Edge

SHE obeyed her director. She was picked up unconscious after her fall.

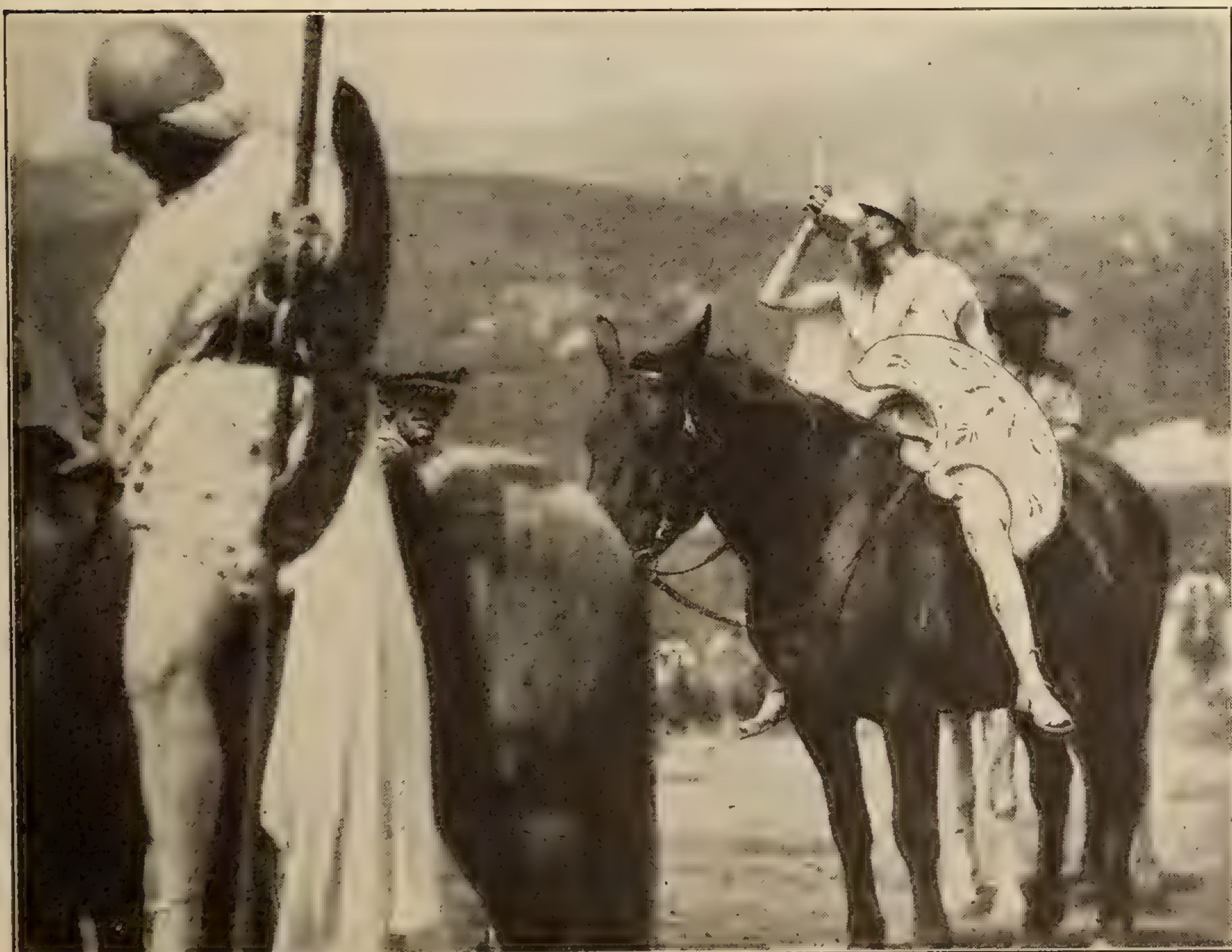
Her gameness was lauded. It took courage to risk beauty and perhaps life itself for the sake of the picture. So it was said.

But to some it was foolhardy; just sinister fencing with fate, inexorable fate which is not often cheated.

Burning a Circus Tent

THIS spring Rupert Hughes, making *Souls for Sale* for Goldwyn on the local lot, burned down a circus tent which held a horde of extras as spectators as well as the customary dummies which double for humans in such crowd shots. The canvas crackled and roared. Flames licked hungrily at the oil-soaked fabric and cordage and lit up the midnight sky with an ominous glow.

The extras emoted, knowing full well what was expected of them but to the circus horses on the set the conflagration was realistic and terrifying. They stampeded. More than three score extras were hurt badly (Continued on p. 101)



An interesting snapshot of some of the Amazon extras used by Holubar in "Men, Women and Marriage." - This was taken just before the charge in which many were hurt.



Illustrated by
John Held, Jr.



ONCE upon a time there were two young fellows in search of Perfection in Screen Art. They were earnest students of the movies and wanted to see the Eighth Blunder of the World ease itself into better and finer things. The first young man, whom we shall call Egbert because his name wasn't that, believed everything Griffith, De Mille and Ingram said about themselves and perished a miserable death. He died of lockjaw trying to read a Griffith subtitle out loud.

The other young man fell in love with Phyllis Haver and, as a result of his infatuation, only went to see Mack Sennett's comedies. Consequently when anyone stops him on the street and asks "What's the matter with the movies," he can't get interested because he doesn't see where anything at all is the matter with the movies. He doesn't know what it is to laugh at a picture and not with it.

Sennett and the Deep Thinkers

A GREAT many serious students of the movies—and there are such badly advised persons—are out gunning for the Art of the Screen and, just because they can't find it, they are about ready to put a note on the pin cushion and turn on the gas. Because they have heard deep thinkers speak in ashamed tones of those terrible slapstick comedies, they have been running with their hands over their eyes every time the vulgar words "Mack Sennett Presents" are flashed on the screen.

¶ Who says Sennett is not presenting an accurate picture of jitney and delicatessen life in America? His heroes are always consecrated to an utterly ridiculous cause and they are entirely unable to carry through any plan without making foolish and painful blunders.

¶ While other directors insist that the world is torn by the passion of love and hate, Sennett insists it is peopled by a quarrelsome set of boobs, crooks and assorted dumbbells all out for a good time.

And so they have passed up the one director who never burned Babylon except by way of a joke.

It is a popular theory that Sennett's comedies are only enjoyed by half-witted children, vulgar small boys, demented plumbers, drunken taxi drivers and village idiots. No perfectly refined lady or gentleman with a social position to maintain would ever admit laughing at one of Mack's unseemly brawls in a delicatessen shop. And the critics point the finger of scorn at them.

A World of His Own Observation

BUT, for all of the aloofness of the wise guys, Mack has achieved what no other director has done; he has created a world built from his own observation on the screen, peopled it with characters which have no point of resemblance in common with other dummies of the movies, and has given his screenworld a code of manners

ART'S OUTCAST

By Anna Prophater

Yet Mack Sennett is the only director who has never burned Babylon except by way of a joke.

such a humorous figure that even in serious pictures, rough little boys burst into laughter when a policeman appears. And Mack trained Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Marie Prevost, Ford Sterling, Sydney Chaplin, Al St. John, Louise Fazenda, Phyllis Haver and a lot of other of the liveliest boys and girls on the screen.

Mack Sennett's Record

MOREOVER, Mack's powers of invention have been something terrible, for he has devised such stunts as the seagoing bath tub, the non-penetrating bullet, the rubber club, the skidding patrol wagon, the untameable fire hose and the Ford which runs without an engine. Mack also invented the back-firing sub-title which says everything it means and more besides. (Continued on page 91)

Sennett created the comedy cop, the seagoing bath tub, the non-penetrating bullet, the rubber club, the skidding patrol wagon, and, best of all, the back-firing sub-title which says everything it means and more.



and morals all its own. Mack has never "adapted" plays and books to the screen; he has never employed the services of eminent authors; he has never, except in a few cases and then half-heartedly called upon the big names of the legitimate stage for talent. He is a self-supporting director; he bakes, throws and makes his own pies.

On the other hand, Mack did create the comic cop, and although he doesn't use him any more, he has made the cop



New SCREENPLAYS

ANY cinema month revealing such screenplays as *Little Old New York*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Fighting Blade* and *The White Sister* is an unusual one. I can't recall such a varied month in a long time.

If only for the reason that it presents an extraordinary advance upon the part of Marion Davies, *Little Old New York* deserves your attention. For this story of Manhattan in 1807 is more a triumph for Miss Davies than a landmark of celluloid advance.

Miss Davies' Fine Performance

I CAN recall when Miss Davies couldn't act. Indeed, the legend that she is merely pretty and isn't an actress still persists here and there. But her Patricia O'Day ought to hand that idea a knock-out, for here is a performance sparkling with delightful comedy and touched with at least two or three movingly pathetic moments. Not only can Miss Davies troop but she is fast becoming the one real comedienne of our silversheet.

Little Old New York isn't much on story, if it is long on background. Rida Johnson Young's original play was pretty slender. But you are permitted to see Robert Fulton trying to get backing for the making of the first steamboat, Lorenzo Delmonico selling sandwiches from a basket, John Jacob Astor dealing in furs and pianos and Cornelius Vanderbilt engaged in running a ferry between Staten Island and the Battery. To this new land comes a little Irish girl masquerading as a boy in order that she may inherit a fortune. How she falls in love with her young guardian and is forced to confess her deception constitutes the opus.

Now, of course, there isn't much illusion to Patricia's masquerade. You must either accept it as a pleasant little thrust at entertainment or miss the humor with which Miss Davies invests the adventure. I think you'll find her de-

lightful. There are things about *Little Old New York* that hit me wrong. I think it was a mistake to have well-known actors play historical characters. Sam Hardy's Cornelius Vanderbilt is never anything but G. Rufus Wallingford to me. And we resent the introduction of "The Star Spangled Banner" into the picture, thereby dragging an audience to its feet in order to put over a patriotic climax.

Colorful Story of Old Manhattan

STILL, *Little Old New York* is very nicely done by Sidney Olcott. You will be interested in the scene of the first trial trip of the "Clarmont." You will find that Olcott keeps his canvas in skillful and colorful movement. But, best of all, I am sure you will like Miss Davies' playing of the harum-scarum, impudent and roguish Patricia in trousers. I congratulate her upon the way she does it without all the conventional prettying.

After seeing her Patricia I'm sure her forte is comedy.

Having mentioned Mr. Olcott, the director, I turn naturally to his other success of the month, the visualization of William Archer's *The Green Goddess*. In its celluloid form this is bully entertainment.

Archer, as you probably know, is one of the foremost London critics. When he wrote *The Green Goddess* he took the manuscript to his friend, George Bernard Shaw. Archer read the play to Shaw; who said: "That is the most perfect motion picture plot I ever heard."

Well he might, for *The Green Goddess* has been done before in a hundred and one different variations—but never so well. Here you have three English prisoners in the hands of the Rajah of Rukh, a potentate who rules over a tiny mountain kingdom in the Himalayas. One of the prisoners is a woman, attractive, of course; another is her husband and the third is the man she loves. The fate of the man hangs upon what she will say in reply to the rajah's

The Month's Best Photoplays

- ❶ Hollywood
- ❷ Little Old New York
- ❸ The Green Goddess
- ❹ The Fighting Blade
- ❺ The White Sister



in Review By Frederick James Smith

wicked advances. Archer has even utilized the old-fashioned nick-of-time rescue, this time by a British aerial squadron.

Melodrama Superbly Constructed

As I have said, this story is in no way new but no one could possibly get more out of it than Archer. The thing is superbly constructed. Every nuance of melodramatic thrill is extracted. And Archer's characters aren't mere lay figures. He has given them life, with its mingling shades of heroism and cowardice, strength and weakness. The rajah is a superb characterization, a sinister, humorous Hindu graduate of Oxford; with an eye for a pretty woman, a cynical view of things both pagan and civilized, and an abiding dislike of inconvenience. He is the most delightful old scoundrel the screen has ever disclosed.

George Arliss played the rajah on the stage and he plays him in the film version. Here is a superb performance, shaded to a nicety as only Arliss can do it. Who, save Von Stroheim, can invest a role with such subtlety?

Alice Joyce's Return

ALICE JOYCE makes a return to the screen as the feminine prisoner but I wish she hadn't. She isn't the Alice Joyce of old. Those lines that once gave Miss Joyce's face such matchless beauty are gone. The real hits of *The Green Goddess*, aside from the Arliss performance, are scored by Ivan Simpson, in his original role of the rajah's cockney servant. Here is a character bit that is a joy. The other hit is won by Jetta Goudal in the infinitesimal role of the ayah of the rajah's harem. Miss Goudal, whose Pilar de Lima was so striking in *The Bright Shawl*, makes this tiny bit stand out. Harry Morey gives a remarkably fine performance of the woman's husband and David Powell, although only adequate as the lover, rounds out the best cast film of the year.

The comments of some of the New York critics upon Mr. Olcott's production were amusing. They actually protested because some of the sets weren't elaborate enough. These same gentlemen spend most of their time protesting because the story is usually neglected while money is wasted upon massive sets. For my part, I found *The Green Goddess* well done, with good taste and a nice sense of atmosphere. Nowhere is the background out of proportion with the story.

You will find *The Green Goddess* an absorbing melodrama. Take my tip and see it.

My advance glimpse of Richard Barthelmess' new romance of Cromwellian days, *The Fighting Blade*, leads me to think that you will find it one of the best of all our American-made costume pieces. The Beulah Marie Dix swashbuckling story, not so much in itself, is beautifully handled by John Robertson, the director. And it reveals Barthelmess in his best role since his fine performance of the homespun hero of *Tol'able David*.

Barthelmess' New Picture

BARTHELMESS plays a young Flemish soldier of fortune, one Karl Van Kerstenbrock, who, because of the deadliness of his sword, is called "Thrust-ye-Through." Van Kerstenbrock casts his fortunes with Cromwell, wins the love of a royalist maid, acts as a roundhead spy in the old stronghold of Oxford, ultimately winning happiness, the girl and the commendation of Old Ironsides.

Barthelmess reveals a decided histrionic growth as the deadly young swordsman. You'll be surprised in the growing breadth of his playing. One of the other surprises of *The Fighting Blade* is Dorothy Mackaill's playing of the heroine, Thomasine Musgrove. Here is a new star in the making—or we miss our guess. It is a finely sympathetic and graceful piece of work.

Ⓒ The Month's Best Performances

- Ⓒ Marion Davies in *Little Old New York*
- Ⓒ George Arliss in *The Green Goddess*
- Ⓒ Richard Barthelmess, *The Fighting Blade*
- Ⓒ Dorothy Mackaill in *The Fighting Blade*
- Ⓒ Ronald Colman in *The White Sister*
- Ⓒ Jetta Goudal in *The Green Goddess*



John Robertson's Advance

JOHN ROBERTSON deserves his share of the praise, too. Heretofore we have looked upon Robertson as one of our best directors in a certain field of endeavor. Charm seemed to be his chief stock in trade. His workmanship had the elusiveness—and the force weakness—of fuzzy photography, if we may be permitted the simile. But his production of *The Fighting Blade* presents a growing Robertson. This has vigor if any screenplay ever had, along with the old charm.

Speaking of one production always reminds you of another. *The Fighting Blade* brings *The White Sister* to mind, because it was made by the same organization, Inspiration Pictures. Certainly this company has done a good deal by the screenplay, if only by making *Tol'able David*.

While *The Fighting Blade* is a romantic picture made in New Jersey, *The White Sister* is a comparatively modern story made in Italy. Can more satisfactory results be obtained by transporting a company and a technical staff to the distant lands of the original story? I wonder.

The White Sister was written by the late F. Marion Crawford who dealt in mild minor romances twenty or so years ago. This was the story of a broken-hearted girl who, upon learning of the death of her sweetheart, an officer in Africa, becomes a nun. Then the lover, who has been a prisoner of natives, returns and the inevitable struggle between religion and love presents itself. The picture ends tragically, with the real death of the officer, although the stage version of the novel, played some fifteen years or so ago by Viola Allen, had a happy termination, a papal dispensation or something, tacked on.

White Sister Presented

I CAUGHT *The White Sister* first at an out-of-town preview when it was sadly in need of cutting. The picture has since been brought to a Broadway theatre. Far be it from me to comment upon its reception. Doing a drama about religion seems to me to be as relaxing a pastime as tapping a stick of dynamite with an axe. You never can tell exactly where you are going to land. Anyway, *The White Sister* is hardly a picture for the Ku Klux Klan.

I'm not so strong for Henry King's direction—and Lillian Gish's performance strikes me as being several degrees below her best previous work, say her Anne Moore of *Way Down East* or, better still, her slavey of *Broken Blossoms*. In just one thing has she advanced. Her love scenes are marked by a singularly tender lyric quality. These love scenes are, to me, the high spots of *The White Sister*.

By the way, *The White Sister* has its histrionic surprise,

too. This is the Italian officer, played by Ronald Colman, a newcomer from the footlights. This Colman, who seems a younger David Powell, has sympathy and a singular distinction of playing. But Gail Kane, as the wicked lady of *The White Sister*, is all over the place, even outdoing old Vesuvius, here presenting a neat character bit.

Talmadge Production a Dud

HERE I reach the edge of the things that interested me during the month. Norma Talmadge's *Ashes of Vengeance* struck me as pretty much of a dud. Here is a romantic costume piece intended, I suspect, to show the Germans their place as producers. It is one of those old-fashioned stories, of the days of Catherine de Medici and the Huguenot massacre, which were built situation upon situation, with no regard for character drawing. The characters were switched about like puppets to get a thrilling situation. All of which is glaringly apparent when the thing is transferred to pictureology.

Ashes of Vengeance is elaborately done but it collapses in appeal and interest because it actually hasn't anything, except massive spick and span sets (which utterly lack atmosphere) and yards and yards of whiskers, there being a theory somewhere in Hollywood that hirsute adornments made the Germanic pictures go.

Frank Lloyd reveals a complete lack of imagination in making *Ashes of Vengeance* but the biggest flop of the picture is the star, Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge doesn't even photograph well and her acting never strikes anything. She does, however, present one remarkable instance of versatility. Miss Talmadge makes the heroine, Yoeland, a bobbed hair heroine—except in one scene, when, before a crucifix, she kneels in prayer while the opportune sun shines upon her hair. Then, lo and behold, her hair is in long ringlets. But, in the next flash, Yoeland is bobbed again.

Conway Tearle is actually better than Miss Talmadge as the hero but Wallace Beery makes us realize how good a character actor is Emil Jannings when he attempts a part that cries for the Brooklyn German.

"Hollywood" a Real Hit

IT is rather late, at this date, to comment upon James Cruze's production of Frank Condon's delightful story of a screen struck girl, *Hollywood*. This is one of the best pictures of the year—or, indeed, any year.

Like—and yet unlike—*Souls for Sale*, it gives an inside glimpse of the capital of moviedom. Every star in Hollywood and points east trails across the canvas. Moreover, the adventures of the stage struck kid are told with fine humor and a real sense of . . . (Continued on page 81)

The Ten Best Screen Dramas

Q Screenland has been canvassing the foremost film authorities in America for a vote upon the ten most significant screenplays ever made. This canvass will continue in subsequent numbers.

MYRON ZOBEL,
Publisher of Screenland:

The Birth of a Nation
The Covered Wagon
Tol'able David
The Kid
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
The Miracle Man
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
Foolish Wives
Robin Hood
Down to the Sea in Ships

HARRIETTE UNDERHILL,
of *The New York Tribune*:

The Girl I Love
The Covered Wagon
The Green Goddess
Only 38
Law of the Lawless
Prisoner of Zenda
Trifling Women
Tol'able David
Where the Pavement Ends
When Knighthood Was in Flower

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD,*
of *Life* and *The New York Herald*:

The Birth of a Nation
The Spoilers (original)
Intolerance
The Miracle Man
The Mark of Zorro
The Kid
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
Passion
The Four Horsemen
Tol'able David
Nanook of the North
The Covered Wagon

*Mr. Sherwood said he couldn't conscientiously cut this list of twelve to ten.

JULIAN JOHNSON:

Cabiria
Queen Elizabeth
The Birth of a Nation
Intolerance
The Whispering Chorus
Stella Maris
The Miracle Man
The Four Horsemen
Passion
The Covered Wagon

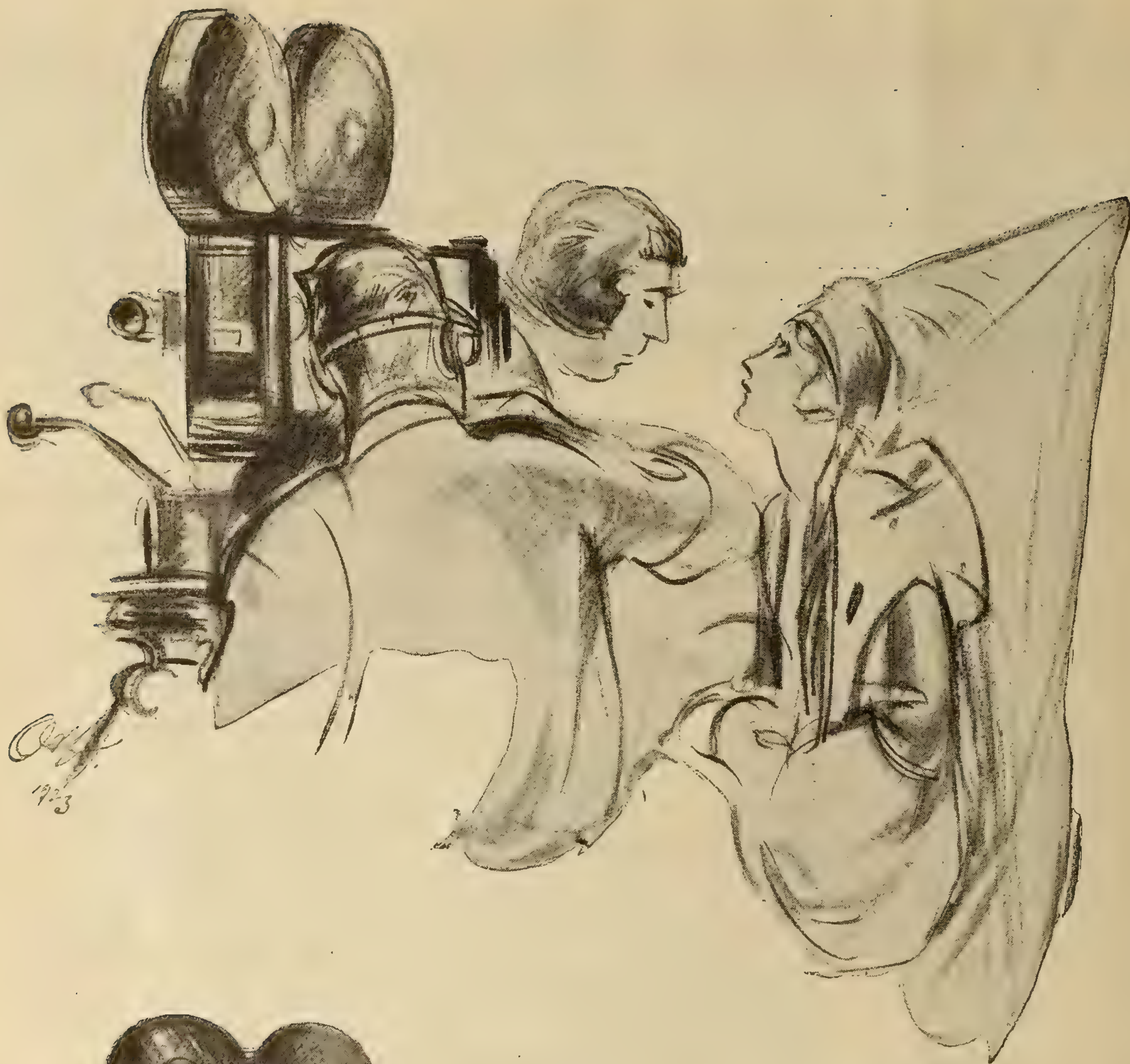
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH,
Editor of Screenland:

Cabiria
The Birth of a Nation
Judith of Bethulia
Broken Blossoms
The Kid
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
Tol'able David
Foolish Wives
Passion
The Covered Wagon

LAURENCE REID, of
The Motion Picture News:

The Covered Wagon
The Four Horsemen
The Birth of a Nation
The Miracle Man
Robin Hood
Broken Blossoms
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
The Kid
Humoresque
Hollywood

Q Screenland would like to know what ten motion pictures you consider to be the milestones of cinema progress. Write to the Editor and give him your chosen list of ten.



Marion Davies is now completing her newest romantic picture, Yolanda. Above Miss Davies and Lynn Harding are getting a close-up.



At the left Robert Vignola, the director, is watching events from the side lines. Across the page you will find the double batteries of cameras recording a scene, a study of Miss Davies in romantic garb and, below, the studio orchestra.



Yolanda is a story of the fifteenth century, revolving around the Princess Yolanda, (Miss Davies) and the Duke Charles of Burgundy, played by Mr. Harding. Incidentally, Vignola has set out to eclipse his production of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*.

Screenland Visits MARION Davies

Drawings by Oscar Frederick Howard



Frederick James Smith Talks

The Mad Movie Actors

MOTION picture players are usually looked upon as mad, but they actually are the best business folk in America. And figures prove it. Consider, for instance, the biggest box office attraction in the field of American sports today—Babe Ruth. Ruth is said to receive \$75,000 a season for his work. This figure may even be an exaggeration. The New York Yankees play to an average attendance of 10,000 a game. Accepting these figures, it is safe to estimate that Ruth draws 750,000 persons to the American League ball parks during a baseball season. Since the average price of admission is considerably more than a dollar, Babe Ruth is receiving much less than ten per cent of the money he draws through the turnstiles.

Babe Ruth vs. Our Mary

BABE RUTH is actually a piker as a business man beside such cinema business folk as Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd. He isn't getting a tiny measure of the salary he should be receiving in ratio to his ability to attract money at the boxoffice.

Jack Dempsey, pugilistic champion, may be a great box-office attraction but he actually received considerably less than \$300,000 for one fight appearance in two years. The mad movie actor can certainly give the spectacular workers in other fields of endeavor cards and spades in the matter of earning money.

No, the film player isn't such a bad business man, after all.

The Negro Problem

DAVID W. GRIFFITH'S *The Birth of a Nation* hit upon a curious snag upon its presentation in France. Permission to present it was refused because of the negro question involved. The French Government is in an unusual predicament upon the racial question, for it called upon its black colonials during the world war and now owes them a debt of gratitude.

So *The Birth of a Nation*, with its scenes among the negroes of the South during the Civil War and during the reconstruction period, is temporarily on the shelf. More and more the world becomes involved in problems. And more and more it becomes increasingly difficult to deal with any question without hitting obstructions in the most unexpected quarter.

Maude Adams and Kim

FOR a long time Maude Adams, once one of the few real idols of the footlights, has been experimenting with motion pictures. Here, indeed, was an odd phase of character development. Frankly, Miss Adams had despised motion pictures. She looked upon them as entertainment for the boobery—and she said so.

But, unlike many folk who condemn, she didn't stop there. She started to experiment with this strange new medium of entertainment which had been so steadily encroaching upon the spoken drama.

Now this actress, so long silent about her plans and her hopes, has announced that she is going to make a motion

picture. It will be Rudyard Kipling's story of mystic India, *Kim*, and it will be made under her direction in India. Producers have long wanted to do *Kim* but Kipling had steadily refused. Even in giving in to Miss Adams, Kipling stipulated two things—one, that a boy (and not a girl) play the title role, and, second, that the film be made in India.

So Miss Adams, who first scoffed and then came to be conquered, is launched upon her career as experimenter extraordinary in the world of the cinema.

The screen certainly needs such critical adventurers!

Pola's Peril

POLA NEGRI, once such an impressive screen figure in far-away Berlin, presents a remarkable problem of the screen. Her first American-made picture, *Bella Donna*, was pretty much of a dud and her second, *The Cheat*, is much worse. Pola has changed.

The unthinking will say that the Negri has lost something. Badly advised, she has permitted herself to be prettied. This sugaring process is the most damning thing of our screen. Pola may now be beautiful but the old fire has departed. Her eyebrows have been plucked and her mouth, once so rampant in its abandon, is remodelled to a polite pout.

So Pola has changed. Where she once thought of her role, she now thinks of camera lines and photographic values. And one needs something more than a beautiful mask with which to act. They say that the Negri has struggled temperamentally against all this—but *The Cheat* is final proof that bad advice is engulfing her.

Perhaps Miss Negri's new director, Herbert Brenon, will save her. He has the ability—if given the opportunity. Otherwise Pola had better pause to consider. Even with a return to form, the Negri will have to reveal several good pictures before the public will replace her upon her pedestal.

Too Much Sugar

WE HEAR that Ernst Lubitsch has declined to do that imported Parisian drama of theatre life, *Deburau*, because he thinks it is "too romantic." That phrase, perhaps, hits upon the chief weakness of our screen. We adulterate our film fare with sugar. We inject saccharine instead of humanness.

We hope Lubitsch sticks to his ideals. Our silversheet needs ideals—and something beside Pollyannaisms. Lubitsch is going to do *The Marriage Circle*, which is described as being adapted from the Viennese. An outline suggests Schnitzler's *Reigen*, that superb cycle of unending passions in Vienna. Indeed, *Reigen* may have suggested the original *Merry-Go-Round* to Eric Von Stroheim.

Doug Sans Clothes

HAVING gazed upon Doug Fairbanks' new camera studies as the undressed hero of his new *Thief of Bagdad*, we pause to consider.

Heretofore, the romantic Arab has appeared on our screen garbed in a custom-made tent. It remained for Doug to discover this new un-sartorial phase of the Bagdadian adventurer.

on Money, Undress and Eyebrows

Sometimes we wonder how an actor can do this and still retain his sense of humor. And we wonder what Mae Murray thinks of this encroachment upon her own particular cuticle field of endeavor.

Yet Doug always sets a screen style. Doubtless it will be a bad year for tailors in Hollywood.

Mere thought of the possibilities startles us.

Suppose, for instance, that Charlie Chaplin becomes an adventurer in a Turkish bath. Or Bill Hart plays a dramatic he-man masseur.

News Reel Menace

THE way the news reel is handled in the bigger theatres of our larger cities is becoming a real menace. These managers now extract the scenes which please them from the various current news reels, incorporating the chosen interludes into one reel. And, in selecting these bits, the managers are usually influenced by what can be handled most effectively by their large orchestras. So we are given soldiers marching, battleships at target practice, artillery guns booming and so on, solely because of their noise value.

All this injures the program. It extracts what little personality the news reel possesses. It turns it from a medium of news to a background for music and noise.

Something needs to be done about it.

Million Dollar Movies

THE motion picture world is again talking in terms of money. It wasn't so long ago that filmdom heralded each new production and each new contract in million dollar figures. The dollar mark predominated in everything. That is, until Eric Von Stroheim tossed a fortune into *Foolish Wives*. That deed marked the end of the first money era in pictures.

But the second money era apparently has dawned upon us. Cecil De Mille's emissaries have been blazing the way for his *The Ten Commandments* with gilded tales of record breaking sets, armies of extras and whole fortunes spent in making a single dramatic sequence. We are told—in all seriousness—that the Biblical portion of the productions cost exactly \$1,030,000. All of which may be true, for the ornate Mr. De Mille seems to have been piqued by James Cruze's simple investment in prairie schooners, *The Covered Wagon*, and to have set out to eclipse it at any cost.

Be that as it may, we do not hold with the exploitation of the silent drama in terms of dollars and cents.

Millionaire Kids

FAR be it from us to doubt the truth of these stories coming out of Hollywood, but we're getting tired of the fulsome tales of certain young stars and their lavish gifts to their parents. No longer do we get a thrill out of the story that Baby Peggy has just bought a lavish Beverly Hills show place for her hard working parents or that little Farina has just presented her—or is it his?—dusky parents with a Rolls Royce. The thing has started to pall upon us.

It is a curious commentary upon this new art that a half

dozen or so children are earning salaries that are well nigh mythical.

Lo the Poor Child

LITTLE Jackie Coogan is a millionaire. Baby Peggy's salary, according to her press agent, is close to a million a year. Let us further quote the gentleman:

"Baby Peggy's contract makes her the queen of the child performers, of whom there are more than 200 in Hollywood. Their salaries range from \$40 weekly upward, and many are able to support their families."

Somehow we can't forget an automobile ride we made with Jackie Coogan last winter—nor can we lose our recollection of the haunting look in his eyes when he saw a little boy sliding down hill, untrammelled by fame or millions.

Hollywood has too many potential Mary Miles Minters.

We Are of Today

THERE is a significant lesson in the failure of Norma Talmadge's *Ashes of Vengeance* on Broadway. Here was a costume piece obviously fashioned after the best Germanic standards—and which, despite all the king's men and all the king's horses, couldn't approach them. *Ashes of Vengeance* had big sets but big sets aren't mellow atmospheric backgrounds. Bewhiskered gentlemen in furbelows and laces can become far from real—when they aren't played with a sense of the spirit of the period. No, America hasn't equalled *Passion* or *Deception* or *Peter the Great* yet and isn't likely to. Isn't it about time that we realize our forte isn't the drama of yesterday? We are part and parcel of today.

And, by the way, Miss Talmadge is an interesting example of what is the matter with our stars. The bugbear of restraint and the fear of photographing badly keeps her from acting. The placidity that comes with success keeps her from striving onward.

No New Blood

SOMETHING is radically wrong with our screen when it does not produce a single new directorial figure in a year. Yet that is exactly what has happened in the world of the screenplay.

Not one new force in the making of pictures in twelve months! Why aren't producers training men for the task of motion picture direction? Is it going to be left to chance? How can any business or any art advance when no new blood is injected into it?

The answers are self evident.

At the same time, it is interesting to note how three old timers—perhaps we should say pioneers—have been running away with the directorial honors. The trio numbers James Cruze, Sidney Olcott and Fred Niblo. The first two have been making pictures since the very first pictures; Cruze since *Thanouser* was a household word among movie fans and Olcott since old Kalem sent almost the first screen troupe of players across the sea, to the Holy Land.

It is reassuring to know that some of our directors are marching onward but the directorial menace is still there.

We need young blood among our directors.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Los Angeles, Cal.—James Kirkwood, actor and director marries Lila Lee.

OUR OWN NEWS REEL



Hollywood, Cal.—Leatrice Joy says farewell to her old dressing room, No. 136, at Lasky's. The dressing room is being wrecked to make room for improvements. By the way, Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres moved to stardom from this very room.

The California Desert—Julia Faye and Estelle Taylor, playing in the Biblical flash-back of Cecil de Mille's "The Ten Commandments," compare the goatskin sack and the rude water jar of yesterday with the vacuum bottle of today.



C The Cinema News of the
Moment in Picture Form



Los Angeles, Cal.—Marie Prevost approaches her old bathing girl moments in a scene of her forthcoming Picture, "The Wanters." In this story Miss Prevost enters as a maid and exits as a society favorite. Oh, well!

Culver City, Cal.—Lucille Ricksen, who leaps to prominence in Marshall Neilan's "The Rendezvous," pauses to pose in what the press agent swears is an "all-rubber" bathing suit.



Astoria, Long Island—Glenn Hunter dropped over to the Famous Players studio to start work on his "West of the Water Tower" and found time to assist Mary Eaton in a dance of "His Children's Children." The admiring gentleman is Director Sam Wood.





Rome, Italy.—The Italian studios of Inspiration Pictures, where many of the scenes of Lillian Gish's "The White Sister" were made and here Miss Gish, with her sister, Dorothy, is to do George Eliot's "Romola."

Hollywood, Cal.—What does a screen villain look like at home? Here he is. Noah Beery, at the old fireside, with his wife and their ten year old son, Noah, Jr.



Somewhere in California.—Adolphe Menjou and Thais Valdemar, the beautiful young Russian, between the scenes of Pola Negri's "The Spanish Dancer," have luncheon on location.

New York Harbor.—*Dorothy Dalton returns from a vacation in Europe. This snapshot was caught just as she was to leave the S. S. Olympic.*



WIDE WORLD



DE VORKIN

New York City.—*Hope Hampton, who recently completed "The Gold Diggers," poses for a camera study with her mother.*



Los Angeles, Cal.—*Anna May Wong, who has been running away with a number of screenplays recently, plays the role of the slave girl in Doug Fairbank's forthcoming production of "The Thief of Bagdad."*

By
Delight
Evans

Lloyd Hamilton may or may not be the logical successor to the melancholy Joseph Schildkraut and Ivor Novello of the famous profile—but he is a new kind of Griffith star.

Next to Lillian Gish, Hamilton is the wistfullest thing on the screen. Our illustrious sob-sisters could learn a lot from him. You yearn to put your arm about his shoulder and tell him, huskily, that you understand.

KIDDIES, if ever mama or papa or even your fairy god-mother should say to you, "What motion picture studio would you like to visit today?" why, you just pipe up in your little treble, "Mr. Griffith's." Because, kiddies, you will love it there, and you will be just as safe as if you were in your own little room.

Mr. Griffith's isn't like other studios. It's most awfully refined. There is none of that nasty air of commercialism hanging about the place. Pictures, not money is made there—you feel that.

One doesn't exactly walk softly and talk in whispers, but one feels that one should.

His people refer feelingly to Mr. Griffith as "God's own gentleman," and after you have been there a while you catch yourself murmuring it, too. Anyone who has the good taste to buy a lovely old estate in Mamaroneck, surrounded by Sound and air to make pictures in, is God's own gentleman, and don't you forget it.

In the Presence of Art

ONE is in the presence of art. Well, no matter what you may have thought of *Way Down East* and *The White Rose*, the memories of such great things as *Broken Blossoms* and *The Birth of a Nation* hover.

Griffith's studio is romantic and picturesque and impractical. Little ladies and gentlemen, every employee. You feel that the stage hands work there only because they love it, and the view is so nice. Every outsider is charmed and impressed. The dwellers in adjacent estates bring their little ones to watch the companies at work. Even if no pictures were made there, it should be preserved as an example of What a Well Bred Studio Should Be, and Too Often, Alas, is Not.

It is always exciting to see the latest addition to the happy family in Mamaroneck. There was Carol Dempster. She looked as if she had been bound for the exclusive school for girls nearby and had wandered in to the film factory by mistake. Charming voice and manners. She played brilliant Chopin between scenes. And Joseph Schildkraut, who talked in melancholy tones of how he wanted to do *Dorian Gray*—I remember he made me want to go right out and see about the scenario. Ivor Novello—ah, Ivor. With the profile that, if it were turned to the camera continually, would make the home fires of our little fans go out. Every one of them belonged.

A Stranger Came Adown the Lane

PASSED time.

Come, adown the lane, a Stranger.

He loomed a little large after Ivor. His shoes were old, stubby and of an amazing size. He wore a very small checked cap. His suit seemed to shrink even as I gazed.

Next to Lillian Gish, Lloyd Hamilton is probably the wistfullest thing on the screen. Perhaps this is why Griffith chose him for the leading role in *Black and White*,

A FLYER In ART

Q What happened to Lloyd Hamilton, he of the sad expression and the huge feet, in the presence of Art in the awfully refined Studio of Mr. Griffith

when Al Jolson decided he'd rather go to Europe than make a movie.

Lillian and Mae and Carol may look pathetic—but even these illustrious sob-sisters could learn a lot from Lloyd. He seems always to be faintly troubled about something. You yearn to put your arm about his shoulder and tell him, huskily, that you understand. Comedians are like that, anyway. Whenever I see one off the screen I want to break down and have a good cry. They touch me to the heart. It is as if the strain of being awfully funny all the time had begun to tell.

The Wistful Mr. Hamilton

LIKE everyone else, Mr. Hamilton has to pinch himself every so often to make sure he is really, truly working for Mr. Griffith. He was making his two-reelers in Hollywood when the wire came asking him to take the lead in *Black and White*. The part is that of a young lawyer who clears his client of a murder charge by masquerading as a resident of darktown and unearthing the real murderer. One of the

highlights of the piece is the scene where he participates in the baptismal ceremonies in the river and when ducked by the officiating clergyman comes up white. Now you know.

While his too-small cap hasn't become a symbol like Harold's glassless goggles, still it is known. Small boys recognize him on the street. So there was something touching in his humility when Hamilton remarked that he was so surprised that Mr. Griffith told him to keep right on wearing the same old clothes and pulling the same line. Mr. Griffith even did an imitation of the Hamilton walk—imagine. You know the character if you saw *Uneasy Feet*. A man who wants every one to think he is going somewhere when he really isn't going anywhere at all. Circumstances over which he has no control make him funny.

The Intensely Serious Lloyd Bacon

LLOYD BACON, the son of the late star of *Lightnin'*, and John Noble, director, are other Californians working on *Black and White*. Mr. Bacon is an intensely serious young man. Kate Bruce remembered him when he was eight and she was a member of his father's company, and she said he was oh, so serious then. Mr. Bacon looked at me and said, "Have you ever been to (Continued on page 100)"



Q In his new Griffith picture Hamilton plays a young lawyer who clears his client of a murder charge by masquerading in black face as a resident of darktown and unearthing the real murderer.

The CURTAIN *rises on the*



WYNN

Ann Pennington is again the elf of the Ziegfeld Follies, which is as it should be. Little Miss Pennington made her first hit with the Follies—and she has scored all over again in the new revue.



WYNN

Helen Menken has been scoring for some fifty weeks in that engrossing play, "The Seventh Heaven." Her performance is one of the most interesting on all Broadway.



WYNN

Eddie Cantor, one of the Ziegfeld Follies stars, is master of the high pressure song of indigo, or at least racy, tinge. Here he is chanting that famous lyric of the pitiful national lack of bananas.

NEW SEASON

Drawings by Wynn

Q "The Whole Town's Talking," the new Anita Loos-John Emerson farce, has its entertaining qualities. Here is Grant Mitchell in an amusing moment of the piece.



Q Lynn Fontanne has scored one of the hits of her interesting career in the leading role of that light and diverting Lawrence opus, "In Love with Love."



Q Gilda Grey is a New York institution. No one can shake a shimie within miles of Gilda and no one has her sheer genius in presenting blues.



SCHWARZ

Billy Blythe, at the left, is one of the attractive reasons why Earl Carroll's Vanities of 1923 is a box-office success. The New York footlights have no more pulchritudinous charmer.



ABBE

Lynn Fontanne has scored a remarkable personal success in In Love With Love, one of the early season successes, at the Ritz Theater.



Ruth Gordon has scored a decided hit as one of the adolescent lovers in Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson's Tweedles, the popular comedy now playing at the Frazee Theater.

The NEW Footlight SEASON



Tut-Tut, which may or may not have something to do with King Tut of ancient Egypt, is coming to town soon with little Yvette Aubrey, pictured just above, as one of its attractive entertainers.



One of the interesting events of the new season will be the first American appearance of the Swedish ballet, which has been something of a sensation on the Continent for some seasons. At the left is a glimpse of one of the ballets as given in Paris.

What Every Young Man Should Know



If you have serious intentions the fact that the bathing beauty is a knockout in her Annette should not prevent you from trying to visualize her in an evening gown—or an apron.



Just because Diana of the Neptune Comedies is a bit timid about the ocean, don't put her down as a dud. She may be right in the swim on dry land. She may even revel in deep water on terra firma.



Diana's mother loves to say, "Yes, Diana is the image of me when I was her age." This should be warning enough for any sensible young man—but, of course, every one can't be sensible.

E. MCNERNEY 23

There's no place like home except for film wives.

They Never Quit

By Eunice Marshall

THEY all come back, sooner or later.

Once having tasted the thrill of the spot-lights, all the joys of domesticity cannot suffice to keep a former screen actress, no matter how happily married, in the home. A woman's place is on the set, and any of our late brides of filmdom will tell you so.

Alice Terry, Mildred Davis, Natalie Talmadge, Mabel Washburn . . . they all exchanged their make-up boxes for a platinum circlet. They were through with pictures, they said. The only interest would be in their husbands' careers. But . . .



Mildred Davis Lloyd is returning to the screen although, when she was married, she said she was never, never going to play before the camera again.

The biggest surprise among the celluloid wives has been the return of Natalie Talmadge to pictures. No one ever thought the silversheet could win her back.



After making screen history, crochet stitches and new recipes are a bit tame. The long hours of unaccustomed idleness soon begin to pall. Even one's husband's tales of the studio, while hungrily received, fail to satisfy. The creative instinct is not to be ignored. And once an actress, always an actress.

The Brides Rush Back

AND so they're back at work, all the crop of young Hollywood brides.

"I'm so happy!" Mildred Davis informed me, up in her gray and rose cham-



CLittle Joseph Keaton isn't really being deserted by his mama for Natalie Talmadge Keaton is playing opposite his papa. In the accompanying picture Master Joseph is being entertained by the Keaton canine, Dewey. At the right: Mrs. Bryant Washburn, who has taken up a public career again.

her in the luxurious home that Harold Lloyd gave to his bride. "Harold has consented to my going back in pictures, and I'm glad! Harold is such a dear, and I wouldn't for the world do anything to displease him, but I do think a woman can do something in the world and still be a good wife. Don't you?"

As I write this, Mildred Davis hasn't actually signed with any producer yet. Her offers all came while Harold was still adamant against her going back into pictures. He didn't want his wife to work. He wanted to think of his little blonde bride singing about the house, directing the servants, puttering happily about with color schemes, menus for dinner and such important matters as should the dresser scarves in the mauve room be mauve to match the furniture or leaf green to match the curtains.

Lloyd Tries to Win His Bride Away

HE WANTED with all his heart for her to be happy. And to make her happy he lavished on her wonderful gifts. A beautiful roadster was his gift to mark their six months' wedding anniversary. They celebrated that important milestone with a little dinner, with a rose-strewn cake and for guests, two people who were soon themselves to marry, Helen Ferguson and William Russell. On his birthday, he presented her with a magnificent sapphire and diamond bracelet that made her blue eyes dance with delight. Just the day before, he had brought her home a beautiful toilet set of cloisonne enamel in a delectable shade of rose for

COne of the ideal domestic arrangements in screenland is the way Alice Terry and Hubby Rex Ingram work together. There's nothing like it, save the combination of Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard.

her dressing-table in their new home.

She had everything her heart could desire, except . . . work. She had built up something of a name for herself. She has developed a "following" among the fans. She had felt the joy of achievement. And she wanted very much to go back to work. She wasn't unhappy about it. She didn't fret or scold. But her adoring husband knew that she was not wholly contented. The day before, Mildred had received an offer of a part in *Black Oxen*. It represented a chance to do some real emotional acting. But Harold said, "Please, dear." And so Mildred declined the part very sweetly, but with dire disappointment in her heart.

The next evening brought Harold Lloyd home with a serious face.

And Harold Gave Permission

"MIDDIE," he said—his pet name for her is Middie—"I've been thinking it all over. If you see your youth go by without being able to do what you really want to do, you are going to be unhappy all your life. I don't want you to be unhappy. I want your marriage to be freedom, not bondage. So, if you want to go back to work, you have my consent." (Continued on page 92)





Tom Mix's yacht, Miss Mixit, with its emblem of Mix's favorite cow pony, Tony, on the bow.

Between Pictures

By Grace Kingsley

MOTION picture stars between pictures have been described as a lot of children let out of school.

Since vacation time is usually scandal time in screenland, the simile doesn't always hold good. *UNLESS* we consider that an errant child now and then tosses a brick through a schoolhouse window much to the annoyance of Schoolmaster Will Hays.

Most of the stars tackle their vacations with the gusto they put into picture making. They're the most serious minded vacationers in the world. They play as hard as they work.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for instance, have a secret camping spot, on the beach between San Juan Capistrano and San Diego, and there they repair on spare days, remaining sometimes for a day or two, swimming, fishing in the surf, clad in old clothes with bare feet and legs. They also frequently arise at five o'clock in the morning, and take long horseback rides into

the mountains and hills back of their Beverly Hills home. Then they come home, go into their swimming tank, and loaf, sleep and read during the afternoons.

Stars at Play are Like Children at School---Now and Then They Toss a Brick through the Schoolhouse Window.

These two are rarely seen at cafes. They always attend good plays, but usually sit in the back of the theater where they will attract no attention.

Fairbanks assiduously plays tennis and handball and the new game of "Doug" invented by him and which is something like tennis, during off hours at the studio. During noon hour he eats little lunch, and you may meet him any day, at that time, drenched

with perspiration, pumping away vigorously at one of these games.



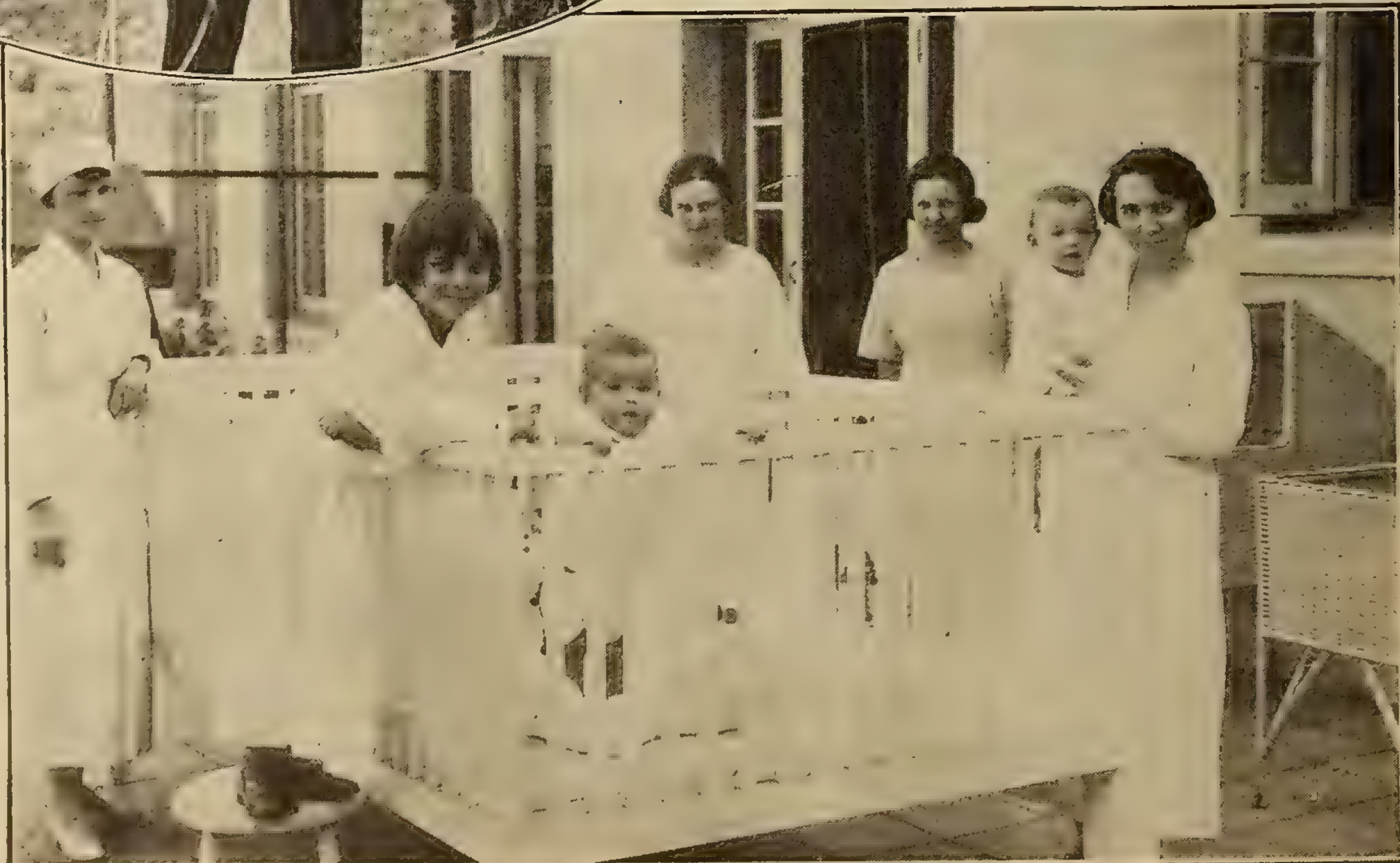
How Chaplin 'Rests'

CHARLIE CHAPLIN dotes on taking long, solitary walks. Sometimes he drags some friend along with

Charlie Chaplin caught a 103-pound tuna on his recent vacation. With Charlie are Edward Knoblock, the playwright, and an associate fisherman.



Gloria Swanson (top) is a fine horsewoman and spends much of her vacation time riding. Away from the studio, Will Rogers (center) likes to spend his time with his children at his Beverly Hills home or in visiting friendly ranches in the Southwest. Will is here shown entertaining Irvin Cobb, with little Jimmy Rogers as social aid. Between pictures Jackie Coogan (right) frequently slips around to the Los Angeles Children's Hospital, where he has great fun entertaining the tiny inmates.



him, and you find him dining with some croney at a funny, cheap little Italian table d'hote. He frequents Childs' after midnight.

The comedian likes to go fishing at Catalina during his summer vacations, and it was here he spent much time, one summer, in company with Claire Windsor. The two used to meet every morning, Claire in her most beautiful clothes, Charlie in his old fishing togs, and the odd pair would saunter off down the beach to Charlie's boat, and sail all morning in his little fishing smack. Miss Windsor admits she ruined a lot of clothes in that smelly old boat, but says that she had an awfully good time, just the same. Charlie liked to see her dressed up, so dressed up she would be at whatever cost.

Charlie has been spending a short vacation recently with Gouverneur Morris at Del Monte, in the artists' colony there. Chaplin loves to play charades, puzzles and parlor magic tricks. He takes all the glee of a small boy in these stunts, and doubtless this is the way in which he will spend many evenings at the Morris home.

Naturally Charlie has spent much time of late looking over his new house, which is near the home of Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. While engaged to Pola Negri, he and Pola used to drive every Sunday out to the new house to look it over, and Miss Negri made many suggestions which Charlie adopted as to the building of it and the decoration of the rooms. Now that the engagement is off, with Miss Negri bestowing her smiles elsewhere, the two no longer travel the Sunday trail together. But I wonder if Charlie won't often think, when he moves into that new house, and sees the touches which were inspired by Pola Negri in the building of it, of the beautiful Polish actress with whom he was at one time so madly in love.

Chaplin Worships Beauty

CHARLIE CHAPLIN worships beauty," Mildred Harris's mother said to me when I told her of Chaplin's engagement to Pola, before the fact was announced. And this being true, it is natural that, during any respite between pictures, he devotes a

good bit of his spare time to cultivating the favor of some new beauty. He dances and dines assiduously with his latest flame. But he prefers sitting out a dance with a girl to dancing it with her, and if she has a quick and an alert mind, match for his own, he will sit a whole evening arguing and discussing sociological and political problems with her.

Flirtations between Pictures

CONSTANCE TALMADGE seems to spend her vacations promoting new flirtations. And Conny is always fatal to anybody to whom she takes a fancy! Constance has stacks of jewels given her by Irving Berlin and by her former husband, John Piaglao. We all feel sure that Constance (however did her parents happen to name her that?) will wed again some day. And just now we are wondering if the happy man won't be Irving G. Thalberg, head of the Louis B. Mayer company, and a brilliant young man. He is deeply devoted, and Connie seems very fond of him. He is her squire at the Ambassador Hotel dances, at the opera, at the theatre.

But the sparkling Connie never takes anything or anybody very seriously. Or at least she hasn't up to this time.

Helene Chadwick gets acquainted with her mother and practices her music during vacations. She has just had a long vacation.

Mabel Goes to Seashore

A VARIED taste in vacations is enjoyed by Mabel Normand. Sometimes she prefers a round of parties with friends, shopping expeditions, and suchlike urban joys. But usually, especially in summertime, she goes to mountains or seashore. She has a little house up in the Altadena foothills, where she often goes to rest and recuperate. Here she drives her car, hikes and rides horseback.

A friend of mine chanced to be staying near Mabel's Altadena home not long ago. He was driving up the steep and winding road which leads to the place, one hot day, when suddenly his brakes failed to work well, and he nearly shot over the side of the hill. Another car came around the corner just then, and a cheery feminine voice called out,—

"What's the matter? Having trouble with your car? Anything I can do?"

A girl alighted, came over and helped him fix the brakes—and when my friend took a good look at her, he discovered that the girl was Mabel Normand. She loaned him tools from her ample tool chest, and didn't leave him until she saw him safe on his way.

But Miss Normand's present vacation, between *The Extra Girl* and *Mary Ann*, hasn't turned



Harry Carey spends much of his time away from the clicking camera with his son, Harry, Jr. Carey is looking forward to the day when Junior will take a more profound interest in spurs.

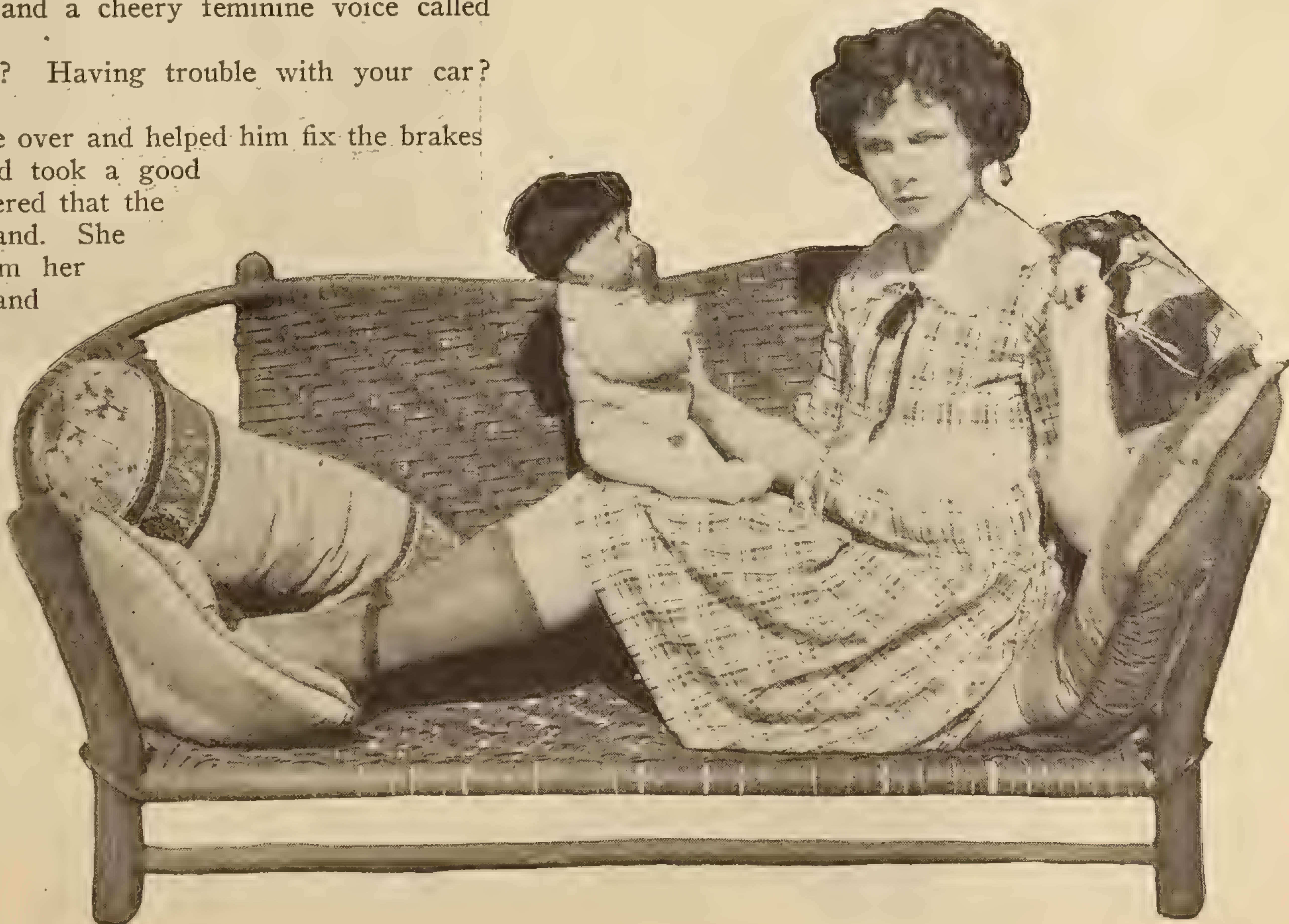
out so pleasantly as usual. She was thrown from her horse, while riding along the beach at Coronado, where she had gone for a few days' rest, and her collar bone was broken. So at the present writing she is in the hospital, with the prospect of several idle weeks before her.

Norma's European Vacation

RUNNING back to New York or over to Europe is what Norma Talmadge enjoys doing. Failing that, she spends a great deal of time selecting her costumes for her pictures, and she never misses an opportunity, of course, to run over to sister Natalie's for a look at the Keaton baby.

Buster Keaton, by the way, is spending a short vacation right now, teaching his year-old son to box! He expects to have him ready for a bout with Bryant Washburn's youngest son some time this fall, he says!

(Continued on page 95)



Shirley Mason has never really grown up. Only the other day she papered her dressing room herself and she actually loves to collect magazine covers.



CARMEL MYERS in a shimmering gown of blue metallic cloth, with a drape of metallic blue velvet heavily embroidered in silver thread. A charming evening creation.



MARIE PREVOST looks piquant in this jacket of grey ermine. The collar is of gray fox, while a novel touch is introduced by the band of gray suede drawn through straps of the fur and finished with a fringe of ermine tails.



HERE is a distinctive evening cape worn by Agnes Ayres. It is of periwinkle blue with heavy silver embroideries. The wide neck is of deep silver metal cloth and is decidedly effective.



ORCHID georgette crepe over lavender crepe forms a fetching negligee worn by Marie Prevost. White maribou edges the long flowing sleeves and the neck, while a long loose panel falls from the shoulders in back.

As Winter Comes



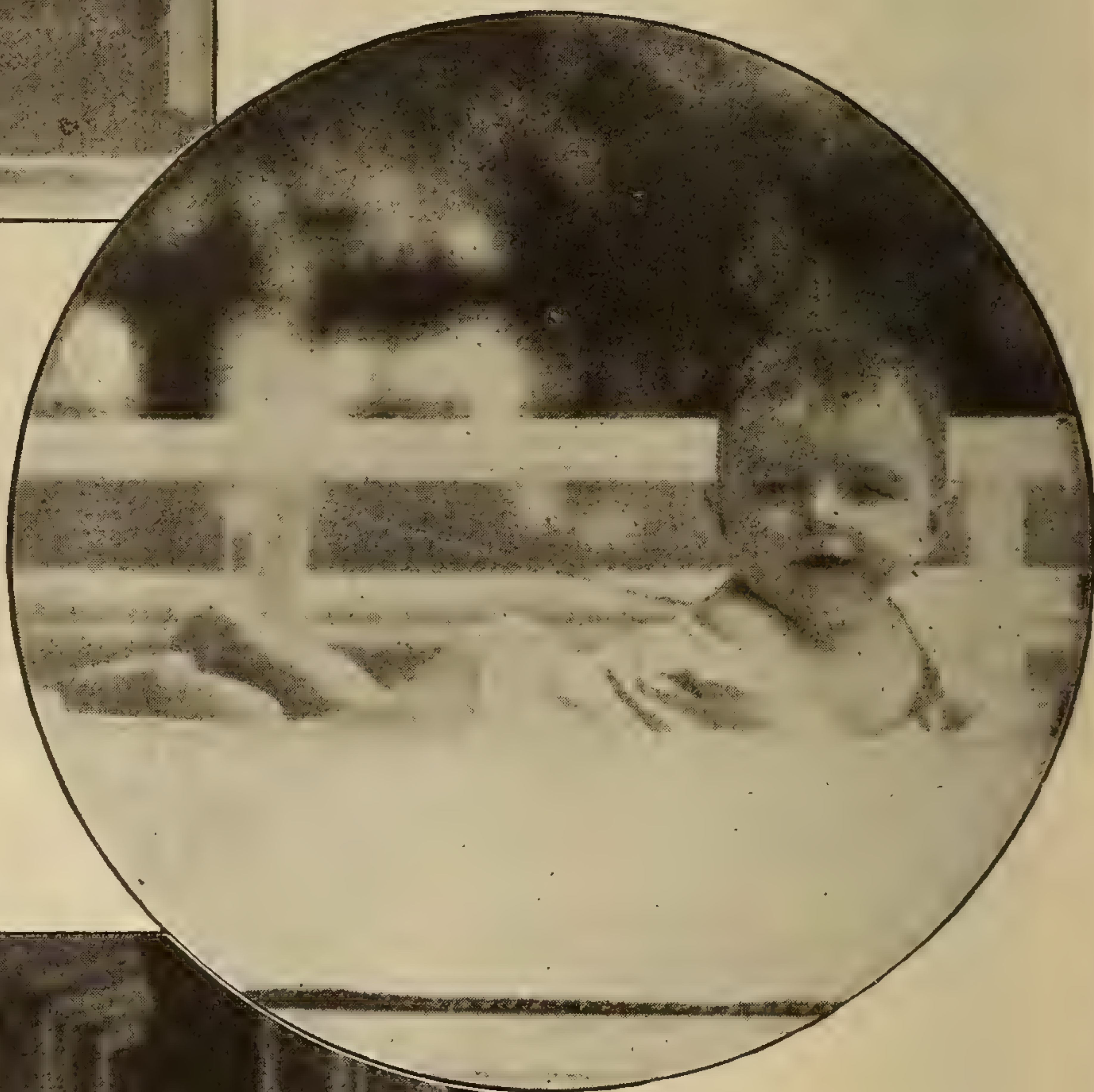
MARIE PREVOST again—this time in a stunning gown of black satin crepe. Four tiers of finely pleated satin form the skirt while the bodice is close fitting and finished with a simple round collar edged with georgette. Oriental embroidery down the sides from the neck-in-hem in front and banding the sleeves is the only trimming.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, at the left, is wearing a gold costume which breaks all the rules of Dame Fashion's Paris headquarters. The skirt is distinctly short, of side-plaited crepe roma. A jade green sleeveless sweater, green and white plaid scarf and smart leg-horn sailor hat complete the outfit. No, the shoes aren't part of the costume!

The Barthelmess Boss



In other words Mary Hay Barthelmess, daughter of the distinguished house of Barthelmess. That popular star, Richard Barthelmess, is her daddy and charming little Mary Hay, in private life Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, is her mamma. With such distinguished parents we're laying bets that little Mary Hay does something to set the world on fire.



The accompanying pictures were taken at the Barthelmess summer home at New Rochelle, N. Y., facing Long Island Sound. Here Mrs. Barthelmess, who has been very ill, is fast regaining her health. In fact, she will make a return to the stage this season. And here Dick rests between pictures. Just now he is at work on a modern story, "Wild Apples."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BANGS

How a lonely girl spends
Christmas in Hollywood

FOOL'S

The Diary of
an Extra Girl

GOLD

THOUGH I am almost an old Hollywoodian, and know most of the cues in the comedy-drama of this "Land of Make-Believe," yet—they pulled a new line on me this week—one I'd never heard before.

July 1, 1923.

I had worked two nights at Fox's, in one of Tom Mix's pictures, just doing extra work, of course. The set was a Texas dance hall, Tom Mix is lovely to work for. He treats the extras and all his company as if they were honest-to-God human beings like himself. He has a real cow-boy chef and, at midnight, the entire company is invited to file up to the most delectable lunch wagon and partake of the most luscious "chow." Real Spanish dishes and the best of everything. There is a very different atmosphere around his little band than about any other star or company I've ever worked for. Funny how the rotten and the sweet gets mixed up in this game.

The new line was pulled by a man not in the company at all. He was a sort of glorified Extra, doing just a bit. This man watched me closely all evening. For once in my "celluloid life" I was not half naked. I was fully clothed in a little blue and gray sports outfit borrowed from Babs.

Offered \$150 a Week

DURING our delicious supper, this actor came up to me, introducing himself to me as Mr. South. "Did I know of him?" "No," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I am just doing this bit to fill in a gap between pictures, but I am a director myself, and I want to know if you would be interested in earning \$150 a week for at least two weeks, possibly it might be for three or four."

"Ask a drowning man if he'd be interested in a life preserver," was my pert reply, for I thought he was only kidding.

"Well, then, dear child, call up my wife (handing me his card with his telephone number) to-morrow morning. She will arrange for you to call, and we'll talk things over. I've a great little wife. She helps me direct, and I want her to meet you before I decide definitely."

Could anything, I ask you, sound more recklessly respectable?

The next morning I called the number. A woman's voice answered. What a speaking voice she had—one of the refined, cultured, interested-in-you-at-once voices that immedi-

ately calls forth your best New York accent. I arranged to go right over to a certain number in Hollywood, not far from the club.

My room-mates were skeptical. Sounded fishy to them, they said, to be going to a private home to see about a job. Why didn't I meet him under the pine tree in the garden, so they could keep an eye on the proceedings. But I scoffed at them. Wasn't I an old hand at the whole movie game? Nothing in Hollywood I wasn't wise to. Besides, both the man and the voice over the phone seemed blue-labelled and genuine. And of course I needed money so badly, I'd have followed up any scent at all that smelled of a job.

South American Films

THE attractive little Spanish bungalow I went to, was on a quiet, Accacia bordered street. The woman who met me at the door was charming. She told me of her husband's interest in a South American picture company. She spoke of his delight in finding me, just the type he had been searching for. She said he had been called to the studio and would expect me there in about an hour. She bid me good-bye with words to this effect!:

"My husband and I work together always. He is a fine man. One of the few you can trust. Anything he asks you to do, you can bank on it, is all right."

I left her with great faith in the part her husband was about to offer me. It was only a matter of waiting, this movie game. Sooner or later, if you didn't starve in the meantime, there was sure to come forth a director who would say, "My dear, where have you hidden yourself? I've been searching all Hollywood just for you!" Yes, I'd always known it, and now it had come.

I drew a deep breath, I skipped down the street for sheer joy. Over and over the woman had impressed upon me that her husband had said that I was a splendid Latin type, and that he had watched my work very carefully the night before, and so knew just what I could do.

My in-born desire to act is so strong I find one can easily stir up vanity in me by the slightest praise of my acting. And the praise I had just heard was anything but slight. So, cheerily, merrily, did I fly to the studio.

Ramshackle Studio

THE address given me, I found to be one of those ramshackle, tumbled down affairs on Santa Monica Boulevard. On approaching its dilapidated doorway, my faith slipped out of high gear. Still, I entered smilingly.

For once, the door-man let me in without words. Yes, Mr. South expected me. I was to go into his private office.

His line was so good, and so originally worded—I should have taken it down in short hand—(if I'd only known short hand). It went something like this:

"Now, little lady, I want a short, straight talk with you. I'm an old man, and I feel as though you were my own daughter, so I want to protect, and help you get along at the same time."

It sounded like music to my ears.

"Now our pictures are released only in South America. You are a magnificent Latin type. You are not only Spanish looking, but you have a good, well rounded figure. We take pictures in two, three, or (Continued on page 77)

The Listening Post

By Constance Palmer Littlefield
and Helen Lee

THE FACE that launched a thousand imitators has been insured for \$1,500,000. J. D. Williams, who has Rodolph Valentino under contract, has taken out that amount of insurance on his star. The policy is split two ways, with the generous producer taking the small end of the half million and Rudy getting the big slice of cake.

But money cannot ease a broken heart so if anything should happen to Rudy before he gets a chance to go to work again, the Valentino flappers take the big loss.

"Scaramouche" for Stage

RAFAEL SABATINI ought to send Rex Ingram a box of good cigars for directing public attention to his novel, *Scaramouche*. The publicity which Ingram has expended on the story has helped the popularity of the book and brought it to the notice of theatrical producers as a play



possibility. About the time that Ingram launches the film, with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in the leading roles, Charles Wagner will present the play on Broadway with Sydney Blackmer in the romantic role.

The film version has a cast of 10,000 performers with 30 principal players. Unless the stage producer can hire the Hippodrome or the Yankee Stadium, theatrical audiences will have to see the play with only a couple of hundred performers.

Novarro Contract Not Renewed

INGRAM, by the way, has not renewed his contract with Novarro although the director and his hand-made, picked-to-win star are on good terms. Novarro has come to New York and our old anonymous friend "eastern capital" is said to be backing him in the formation of a company of his own. Of all the actors chosen to follow up Valentino's popularity, Novarro has been the only one to achieve success, probably because he never fancied the role of an imitator himself.

The movie critic who does not own a dress suit is going to get the reputation of being a "frightful bounder" if the film openings keep up the social pace they have established. For the "world premieres" of the new million dollar attractions are cutting into the prestige of Broadway's regular first-nights.

It was D. W. Griffith who first had the idea of culling his first night audiences from the social and theatrical world and now anyone who thinks he has a super-production to slip over, invites his guests from the pages of Who's Who and the Social Register.

Distinguished First Nighters

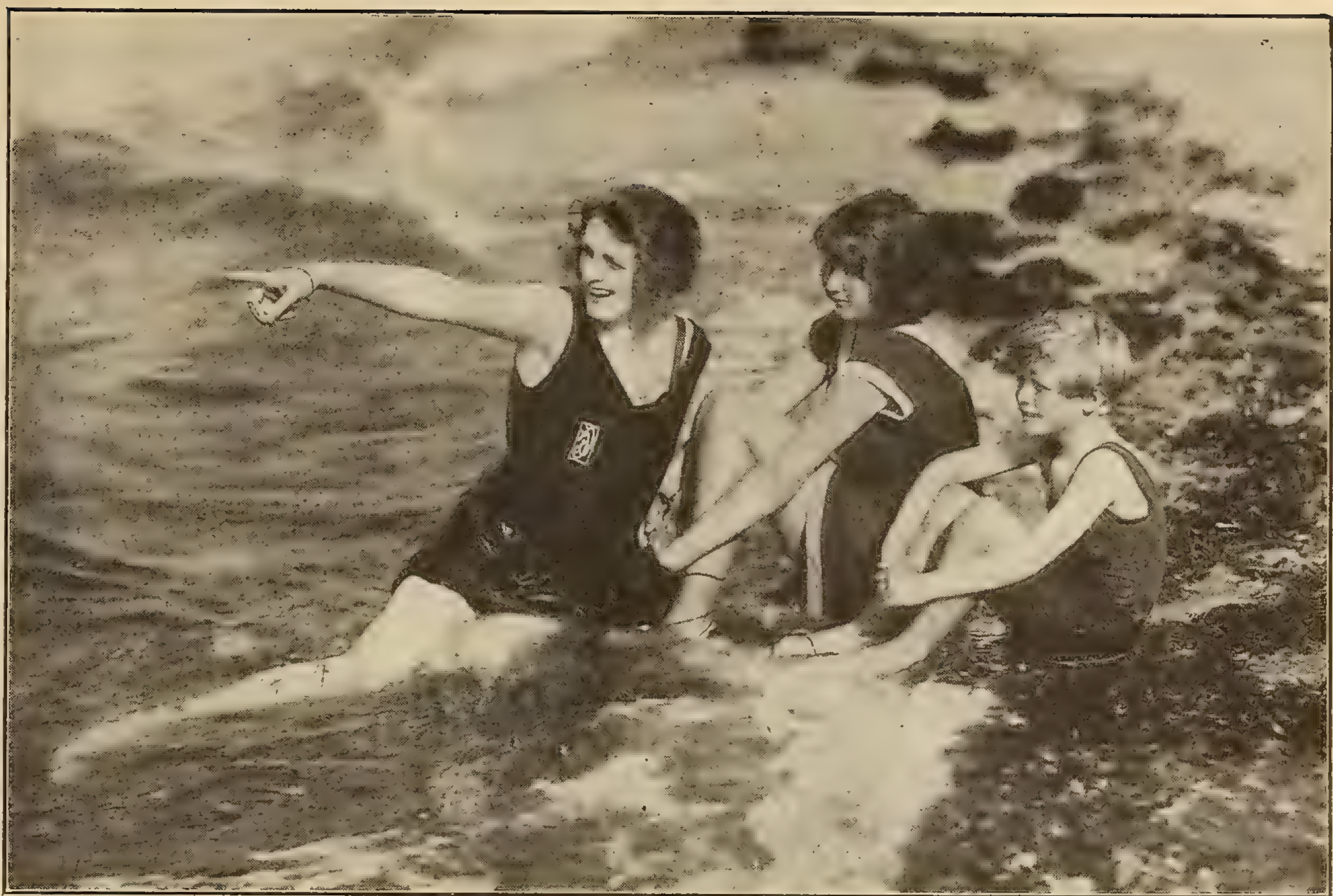
THE audience at the opening of *Little Old New York* at the new Cosmopolitan Theatre looked as though it had been snatched from one of Morris Gest's parties or the Empire Theatre. Mayor Hylan was there in the capacity of a critic and he wrote up the show for the New York American. It was a great stunt because the widely-read Heywood Broun promptly challenged his fitness as a critic.

©Marilynn Miller Pickford takes one last dip with her husband, Jack Pickford, in Mary Pickford's swimming pool in Beverly Hills before coming east to resume her tour in Sally.

Moreover, in honor of Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan assembled as many of the descendants of the Astor and Vanderbilt families as could conveniently be lured from Newport and Eu-

© UNDERWOOD AND
UNDERWOOD

Glady's Cooper and her two children at a British watering place. Miss Cooper, who was recently voted the most popular actress in Great Britain, recently paid a visit to Ivor Novello, her reported fiance, in this country.



rope and so the diamonds in the audience exceeded the cost of the production on the screen, which means that there was a lot of cash in the house. Miss Davies, herself, was present with her mother and sisters and so were innumerable members of New York City's government. It must have been the happiest evening in Miss Davies' career because the ovation she received was a real one and no adjective seemed good enough for her. The

critics, who have been panning her for years, took it all back, graciously apologized and even the sedate New York Times nearly broke into poetry over her performance.

Ashes of Vengeance, with the Talmadges absent in Hollywood, wasn't nearly so brilliantly launched. Again Miss Davies received most of the attention because she was easily the most popular star in the audience.

New York's movie fans always line up in the lobby of the theatre to watch the celebrities go in and it is a proud ingenue who enjoys the thrill of being spotted by the crowd. Several cameras stationed in front of the theatre where *The Green Goddess* opened took pictures of the first-night crowd. Alice Joyce, accompanied, of course, by her husband, gave the fans a treat and so did Jetta Goudal, the only other feminine member of the cast. Little Jetta is a regular first-nighter for the wise child knows that it is well to be seen by the directors who attend. And she is by far the most striking member of the younger set of film actresses in the East.

Bebe Daniels Unhappy

BEBE DANIELS used to be conspicuous in all the social events in Hollywood but her stay in New York has been a quiet one. It is no particular secret that Bebe is dissatisfied with the new policy of Famous Players-Lasky to place all their former stars in all-star casts. And you cannot exactly blame Bebe. Of all the old Realart group, Bebe was the only one who made good. She received a small salary, she seldom complained and she worked hard. But now she is obliged to suffer for the sins of the others and step down from her position as a star.

Bebe is still too good a sport to complain and her mother, a former actress and newspaper woman, is too much of a regular person to step into the disagreeable role of a typical movie mother. But a lot of Bebe's fellow-workers feel that she deserves better treatment.

Barthelmess' New Picture

THE big sets of *The Fighting Blade* have been removed from the Fort Lee studio and Richard Barthelmess has

begun work on a modern story, adapted by Josephine Lovett from a novel called *Wild Apples*. John S. Robertson is directing it, of course. *Wild Apples*, naturally, won't be the releasing title of the picture.

Dorothy Mackaill, whom you will see in *The Fighting Blade*, rushed through her work in *His Children's Children* in time to play opposite Barthelmess again. If Jetta Goudal is the most striking of the younger actresses, Dorothy is certainly the most charming. Both girls have profited enormously by the training of Mr. Robertson, who has a gift for helping young actresses to find themselves.

Colleen Moore Married

FINALLY and at last, Colleen Moore has gone and done it. She has married John McCormick, western representative of First National, and now poor John can breathe easy. Colleen, whose real name is Kathleen Morrison, is militantly Irish and kept John waiting for two years before she made up her mind. What can you expect of a girl who has one green eye and one blue eye?

Together with Mildred Davis and Helen Ferguson, Colleen was an active member of the "Denying Their Engagement Club." Colleen nearly wore the third finger off her left hand removing John's handsome engagement ring. But, encouraged by Mildred's marriage to Harold Lloyd, Colleen took the leap. And now won't Helen Ferguson please marry William Russell?

THE opening of the Greater Movie Season in New York was marked by one important event. A matinee audience actually laughed openly and loudly at the big scene in Pola Negri's picture *The Cheat*. The Greater Movie Season will start all over the country when audiences begin to get critical about pictures.

"Anna Christie" Started

THE movies may not be art with a capital A, but they do succeed in making the accepted arts bow down before the mighty power of the dollar. A highly successful play and



INTERNATIONAL

Senorita Nelly Fernandez is following in the footsteps of her countryman, Roman Novarro, in entering pictures. Here she is demonstrating a native Mexican dance to Director Maurice Tourneur.

an equally successful novel have succumbed to the ancient lure.

Thomas H. Ince bought *Anna Christie*—which Pauline Lord took to London after a record New York run—and has cast Blanche Sweet in the title role. William Russell is playing opposite Miss Sweet, with George Marion as the rough, bewildered sea-captain father, while Chester Conklin is to do the comedy-relief.

The successful novel to reach the screen is *Black Oxen*, now in its eighty-first edition. Corinne Griffith has been given the wonderful role of Madame Zattiany, which must have been coveted by many and many a worthy actress. It remains to be seen if Miss Griffith can give the subtlety and spirituality to the character intended by Gertrude Atherton, the author. Conway Tearle will play opposite Miss Griffith.

Wanda Hawley Returns

WANDA HAWLEY has come back to us from England, where she made a picture or two. At dinner the other night she told SCREENLAND several interesting things about British film-making. It seems that methods are very antiquated and that players have to undergo many hardships in the way of delays. They wait for the lights, they wait for the director, for props, and most important of all, they wait for the actors. On matinee-days there's no picture, for the actors are all recruited from the stage. She says American players are in great demand over there, and that there are wonderful opportunities for actors who can find it in their hearts to tear themselves away from home for a year or two.

Here in our town we have become very blasé about publicity stunts. But even the jaded interest of Hollywood was aroused when two whole tribes of Indians were imported for the ballyhooing of *The Covered Wagon*. Each night about seven o'clock we are treated to some regular war-whoops as the Indians, en masse, come yoo-hooing down Highland Avenue in a very modern motor-bus past the Hollywood Hotel. They are fully arrayed in the paraphernalia which, in best Indian society is not used for church-going but for war-going.

Publicity De Luxe

But when one finally views them at close range in front of the theatre where *The Covered Wagon* is packing 'em in, the war-paint looks remarkably like grease-paint. And many of the red-men have been extras about the studios and are well known there. Anyhow, they're good Indians, and the tourists just love 'em.

In front of the theatre, the inspired publicist has placed a large book in which said tourists are urged to register. The exact reason for registering was not clear for a long time, until one day announce-



Here's a remarkable pyramid of fame, with Doug Fairbanks and William Tilden II, tennis champion, as the foundation Manuel Alonzo, the famous Spanish tennis player, in the middle and Charlie Chaplin at the apex.

ment was made that the book was to be presented to the President of the United States. Thereafter registering was fast and furious, each tourist knowing full well that the President was going to lay aside matters of state and at once sit him down to read every name therein inscribed! Oh, well, it's a great world anyway!

Seen on the Boulevard

SPEAKING of sights in Hollywood that cause the jaded to stop and look—one view of Lord Auckland and his pet coyote is sure to arouse interest. No one seems to be quite sure whether the coyote is a coyote or a wolf, but it is quite certain that the beast is not a dog. No mere canine could manage such a heartfelt sneer!

Well, anyway, when his Lordship takes his daily constitutional along our main thoroughfare, he is invariably accompanied by his pet. The animal is not as fond of walking as his master is, and about every half-block rebels. This rebellion is not a matter of growls and snarls. Oh, no—the beastie merely sits down very definitely and positively. Lord Auckland is so used to these manoeuvres that he merely continues on his way, and when the coyote is tired of sleigh-riding, or mayhap when he encounters a splinter, he gets up on four feet and trots along as unconcerned as ever. In another half-block the performance is repeated.

It is reported that his Lordship has forty more coyotes—or are they wolves?—on his place in England, and that he just brought this one along for companionship.

To Vie for Honors

RUMOR has it that both Dorothy Phillips and Betty Blythe are to portray Mary Stuart, ill-fated Queen of Scots. Miss Blythe is at present in England and reports from there are of the vaguest, but Miss Phillips is right here on the West Coast, so we can check up more definitely on her.

An eastern syndicate plans to star Miss Phillips in a screen play based on Schiller's drama, *Mary Stuart*. I do not know who is to back Miss Blythe's picture, but suffice it to say that we have waited a long time for someone to discover the splendid material this portion of English history offers for drama.

Washburns to Be Featured

BRYANT WASHBURN and his wife, who will appear on the screen as Mabel Forrest, are to be featured by the Grand-Asher organization. Mrs. Washburn—or Miss Forrest, as she chooses to be known to the screen—was a musical comedy favorite before her marriage to Bryant some years ago. She left the stage then to become an ideal wife and, later, the mother of two lovely children. Now she feels that the children are old enough to take care of themselves, supervised by a competent nurse and housekeeper.

Miss Forrest's present contract followed her very successful appearance as the leading woman opposite Charles Ray in the *Screen Writers' Revue* last spring.

Von Stroheim in Death Valley

IT SEEMS as if Eric Von Stroheim would never get a chance to see his wife and their seven-months-old baby. First he went to San Francisco to film *Greed*, which was taken from Frank Norris' *McTeague*. Realistic always, he insisted that the picture be filmed in the exact locale in which it was written. Therefore, instead of building



Jack Dempsey and the other pugilists aren't the only ones to use roadwork to attain perfect form. Here's Helene Chadwick trying it and, as may be visible, with real success.

INTERNATIONAL



On location during the filming of "The Master of Man" Charles Lapworth, the technical advisor, Mae Busch, the leading woman, and Victor Seastrom, the director. And all waiting for the lunch boxes to arrive.

sets at the Goldwyn studio, they used interiors and exteriors and locations in and about San Francisco.

Then Von Stroheim took his company to the mines in Northern California for further sequences of the story, and now they are out on the desert in Death Valley. The heat is terrific. It is said that in order to avoid delay, substitutes are provided for all the animals used on the location, in case any—or all of them—should die of sunstroke. Nothing is said of substitutes being provided for the poor actors, however!



Mlle. Jeanne de Balzac trying out a typical Deauville bathing costume and helmet on the California beaches.



What is the book? Don't ask us, but the interested readers are Frank A. Tilley, a writer, June Mathis, the famous scenario constructor, and Carey Wilson, another builder of scripts. Snapped at the Goldwyn plant.

more side-line-sitting while Conway plays opposite Corrinne Griffith in *Black Oxen*.

Wonder what a wife's mental processes are in a case like that?

In Training

HELENE CHADWICK has startled everyone by employing "Pop" Kerwin, a well-known physical trainer, to supervise her daily dozen. It is all the more surprising

Adele Rowland Comes West

THE common or garden variety of married couple—like you and your wife and me and my husband—often wonder how these stage couples manage to remain married so long though not working at it. Being married is a life-size job—but then, I'll spare you a long dissertation on the subject!

What I'm getting at is this: Conway Tearle, one of the busiest leading men in pictures, and Adele Rowland, one of vaudeville's most popular headliners, have been separated most of the months of most of the years of their married life.

Mr. Tearle's contracts keep him in the West, while Miss Rowland is touring Eastern cities on the big time. Once in a while they meet. But in the summer Miss Rowland's booking permits her a vacation.

"Come East," she wired her husband.

"Come West," he replied in short order—and she did.

So nowadays one may see her sitting in a comfy chair on the side-lines while her husband is finishing his part with Constance Talmadge in *The Dangerous Maid*. A little later she will do some

when one realizes that Miss Chadwick is not at all the strong-arm type of woman. I shall not be so vulgar as to point out also that she has just obtained a divorce from her husband, Billy Wellman, —so why the training?

On location the other day, Miss Chadwick was unfortunately near the Giant Geyser in Yellowstone Park when the geyser took it upon itself to let off a little surplus steam and hot water. The burns she received kept her in bed some days.



C. Colleen Moore and John Emmett McCormick, a motion picture official, were married on August 18th in Los Angeles, the wedding being the culmination of a two year romance.

INTERNATIONAL

A Belated Honeymoon

MARJORIE DAW and Eddie Sutherland had a lovely wedding some months ago up at the palatial abode of Mary and Douglas Fairbanks. But although the wedding was all it should have been, somehow or other they didn't manage to follow it up by the conventional honeymoon.

First Eddie was tied up assisting Charles Chaplin on the making of *A Woman of Paris*, starring Edna Purviance. Then Marjorie was signed up for a picture, and still another picture. Now they are waiting for her to finish her part with Constance Talmadge!

Art in the Movies

MAURICE TOURNEUR has signed up Bull Montana solely for the use of his neck. You will be edified by the sight of it in *Jealous Fools*, a brilliantly named picture which Mr. Tourneur is making for First National. Jane Novak and Earle Williams play what are evidently the title roles.

Considerable to-do has been made by the Paramount Studios over the signing of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a star. Now Universal, always willing to follow in the wake of anyone when that anyone seems successful, has countered with the announcement that they will star Julius Laemmle, only son of Carl Laemmle—who practically is Universal.

I ask you, dearie, I ask you!

Dale Fuller Steps Out

A FIRM of San Francisco financiers are making arrangements to star Dale Fuller in a protean production. ("Protean," friends, comes from Proteus, the name of a

C. Kathleen Kay is strong for the full dinner pail an' everything. Kathleen plays in Goldwyn pictures when she isn't posing for pictures like this.



INTERNATIONAL



INTERNATIONAL

Ann Luther, o' the movies now and then teaches an Apache Indian visitor to Broadway a savage dance which has just originated in the White Way tepees. The redskin is eighty-four but he is willing to learn.

marine diety and prophet who had the power of assuming any shape he chose.)

Protean sketches have been done successfully in vaudeville by Henri de Vries, and Ray Cannon made a masculine protean picture. But to Miss Fuller falls the honor of being the first woman to make the attempt.

Virginia Valli Travels

A LONG with King Vidor, the director, and James Kirkwood, the masculine lead, goes Virginia Valli to Georgia for the filming of *Wild Oranges*.

Vidor has chosen one of the most (Continued on page 83)

The GLAND GIRL of BLACK OXEN



The passing years are like black oxen, wrote Gertrude Atherton, plodding on relentlessly. The heroine of her "Black Oxen" is a famous beauty who successfully renews her youth, thereby creating a new world for herself, far from her old loves and dreams. Corinne Griffith, who is perhaps the greatest beauty of our screen in this merry year of 1923, is playing the heroine.

EDWIN THAYER MONROE

Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 69)

at most four weeks. We never over-work our girls. You would need to be on the set only three or four hours a day. I know positively that you are equal to any depth of emotion. I'm ready to sign you up this minute for \$150 a week."

He picked up some forms of contracts from a desk drawer, while my heart stood still.

"But I must tell you one other thing—this is entirely nude work."

To say I almost fainted sounds like a Mid-Victorian novel, but truly, I had a frightful attack of "ingrowing hysterics."

A picture, two to four weeks in the making, working only "in the nude!"

Oh, Eden, Eden, thy name is Hollywood.

Then he continued: "Now, dear, I don't want you to do anything you would be ashamed of but remember, it's all in the mind. As you think, so are you. Come now—sign this contract—"

She Almost Signs

I nearly did.

Yes, I know I shock you, dear old diary, but the spell of the moment, or his garbled philosophy, or my dire need—some spell was upon me; for I had the pen dipped in ink, ready to sign my name, when something seized me. But I stopped and said hurriedly.

"I'll come back this afternoon, and tell you what I decide."

He did not try to force me. He saw me to the door and said,

"I'll expect you back. Remember, this is released only in South America. We are doing these pictures continually. Work a few weeks at this salary now and then, and you will have some money to buy clothes and a little car. And before you know it, you won't be doing extra work for \$5 a night on the Fox lot."

All this sounded reassuring and plausible, and extremely matter of fact.

I walked out of the studio in a daze and right to the home of an actor I know. He and his wife have been in the picture business as many years as the industry has been going. And I find when it comes to safe and sane sailing, he knows the tides. So I told him all. He took my hand and said:

"I'm not a prude, as you know, but I want you to promise me faithfully you'll not go back there to that man today. And also, stick to the respectable agencies when looking for movie jobs."

I promised.

(Continued on page 78)



TRE-JUR

The Newest of Any—
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THE TRE-JUR triple compact—a veritable treasure chest for "beauty in the making". Complete for the hasty toilette—yet in size no larger than ordinary compacts.

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| ☐ Gas Engine Operating | ☐ Chemistry |
| ☐ Civil Engineer | ☐ Automobile Work |
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Fool's Gold

I've spoken to several girls this week, who have had this same South American bromide handed to them.

Campbell's & Kellogg's

Dec. 24, 1922
WRITERS have written of picturesque poverty in Paris, in Heidelberg, in Greenwich Village. And I've thought sometimes, while in the shadow of the hills of Hollywood that poverty in moviedom was a bit romantic, but during these past rainy holiday weeks in Long Beach, California, poverty has not held a trace of romanticism for me. I've even lost heart in telling you about it, old diary.

Nothing Doing During Holidays

SIX weeks ago, the portals of studio-land seemed locked and bolted. Every studio definitely said—

"Not a day's work till after the holidays. Production is completely suspended for at least two months."

So when Phyllis and I had a chance to join a dramatic stock company in Long Beach, we took it. It was running on the co-operative plan. We figure we'd make at least \$30 a week apiece, and we felt we could easily "make the grade on that." But we figured wrong, very wrong. The first week our share of the proceeds was \$23 each. The next week, \$10. Then the third week jumped to around \$18. We felt glowingly opulent and sent money home, and paid some back board at the club. Christmas week we each collected the immense sum of \$5!

This financial drop in the market led to many complications. We were renting a cheap little apartment. Both of us had felt that keeping house would be very economical. Besides, we were rather plump and reduction was necessary. So we voluntarily put ourselves on strict diets. But by the time two weeks had elapsed, our fast was compulsory, as the few dollars we earned were soon squandered for rent, clothes, and hairwaves. Food became a luxury.

One day we had the luck to find a few empty milk and cream bottles. The money we reaped from turning these in fed us for four days.

Hungry and Lonely

ANOTHER day at dusk, after a strenuous six hours' rehearsal, I was coming up a lonely street, and spied two boxes of cornflakes lying in the yard of a deserted looking bungalow. Manna dropped from heaven to the Israelites, could not have been more welcome. I

picked them up and flew home with them. But what was my amazement to find a whole flock more sitting on the mailboxes of our own apartment house! Needless to say I gathered them all up in my arms, fled up the stairs and tumbled them all out on the bed before Phyllis' astonished gaze.

Tonight is Christmas Eve, and we face Christmas day with a bare little Christmas tree, sent in by a kind neighbor, a can of Campbell's soup, and seven little sample boxes of dry corn flakes.

A Week After Christmas

CHRISTMAS EVE, after our performance of *The Cinderella Man*, we decided to go to services at midnight in one of Long Beach's largest churches.

Christmas Morning

WE GOT up early Christmas morning. Had black coffee and butterless toast. Rehearsed our next week's bill, *East Lynn* all morning and came back again to our cheerless little apartment. Every cafeteria and restaurant we passed on our way from the theatre seemed to jeer and sneer at me.

Then we made our Christmas dinner on the rest of the tomato soup and dry corn flakes, at the little table in our kitchenette on which stood our small tree. It was innocent of gifts except a few jokes. An empty perfume bottle, the end of our last piece of soap. We laughed loud and long when the dinner was over, and vowed to each other, as long as we lived, we'd keep a certain date in December as a celebration of our one great feast.

But the dawn came.

And it was brighter than any dawn I've ever had because of the contrast with such inky blackness.

We stayed by the sinking ship till the crash came, and the company went on the rocks on New Years' Eve. We were paid nothing at all that week, so I left my violin and my fur coat as security to our landlord.

Back to Los Angeles

WE WENT up to Los Angeles on the midnight train. It was about two thirty A. M. when we leaped up the Studio Club steps.

How shall I ever tell you of that dawning? We stood in the dim hall with its masses of fragrant evergreen and pepper boughs, just absolutely spellbound. For there in one corner of the great living room stood the most

Fool's Gold

mammoth Christmas tree I have ever seen, all lighted with dozens of tiny colored lights. It was all dripping with shiny frosty things, and golden oranges, and balls and little birds and children's horns, and a doll. Suddenly, well, we weren't grown up actresses at all, for we discovered, above the still glowing embers of a wood fire, two bulging and enormously elongated stockings, hanging from the mantel piece. Our names were on them. And just as we felt too weak-kneed to do anything but flop and sob, down the stairs came a little swishing sound, and there was Babs, trailing in in all her glory of a new orchid silk dressing gown.

"I want you all to know," she said in her soft Southern drawl, "I had an herbaceous hunch that you all were here." Babs always uses the rarest adjectives.

The hunch spread, for one after another of the old gang kept coming down, Gloria and Sania and Trixie and Pat—all loving us with ecstatic hugs. They built up the fire, brought cigarettes and candy, and watched us open our stockings.

I caught Phyllis' eyes, once when we had both been gazing up at the great tree, and for a second everything went black before me. I thought of Christmas dinner, and the seven little packages of dry corn flakes. Then I looked at our gang, laughing, careless, irresponsibles.

"If you had been where I have been,

"And seen what I have seen—"

I thought, then you too would know what we are experiencing this New Years' dawning!

Tell It With Titles

(Continued from page 27)

'ere Taylor boy down by the old still."

"The honor of the Jacksons is in yoah hands, boy."

At the trysting place, dreaming the bitter-sweet dreams of girl-womanhood, unconscious of the black shadow about to spring—

"Jack, you frightened me."

"Jess, I'm mad about you. Yoah're in my blood, gal."

"Help, help!"

The jaws of hell open for Jess Jackson—

With a light heart Jim leaves to meet his love.

"You can't escape me."

"Stand back or I'll jump."

"Pray God I'm in time!"

"Jim—thank God!"

"You white-livered skunk, you've laughed for the last time."

The mountain sun, blood-red, sets on a bigger, better, cleaner world.

All New York marveled!

at the roselike complexion of the famous Spanish beauty
Cristina Montt

Even blasé New York marveled! When this dainty Senorita who had come from sunny Spain to make her American film debut, stepped off the liner, spontaneous exclamations of wonderment came from the welcoming throng. At the docks—hotels—and studios—all wondered at the saintly beauty of the complexion of this great Spanish film star.

Questioned later, she laughingly replied: "Since childhood I have used only cocoa butter—the favorite cosmetic of Spanish Beauties. But—since coming to America I have found a new and better way to use my beloved cocoa butter. Now I'm never without Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme.

"I could talk for hours about Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme. It fairly melts into the skin, plumping the cells and stimulating

circulation. It will bring the glow of health to your cheeks as it has to mine.

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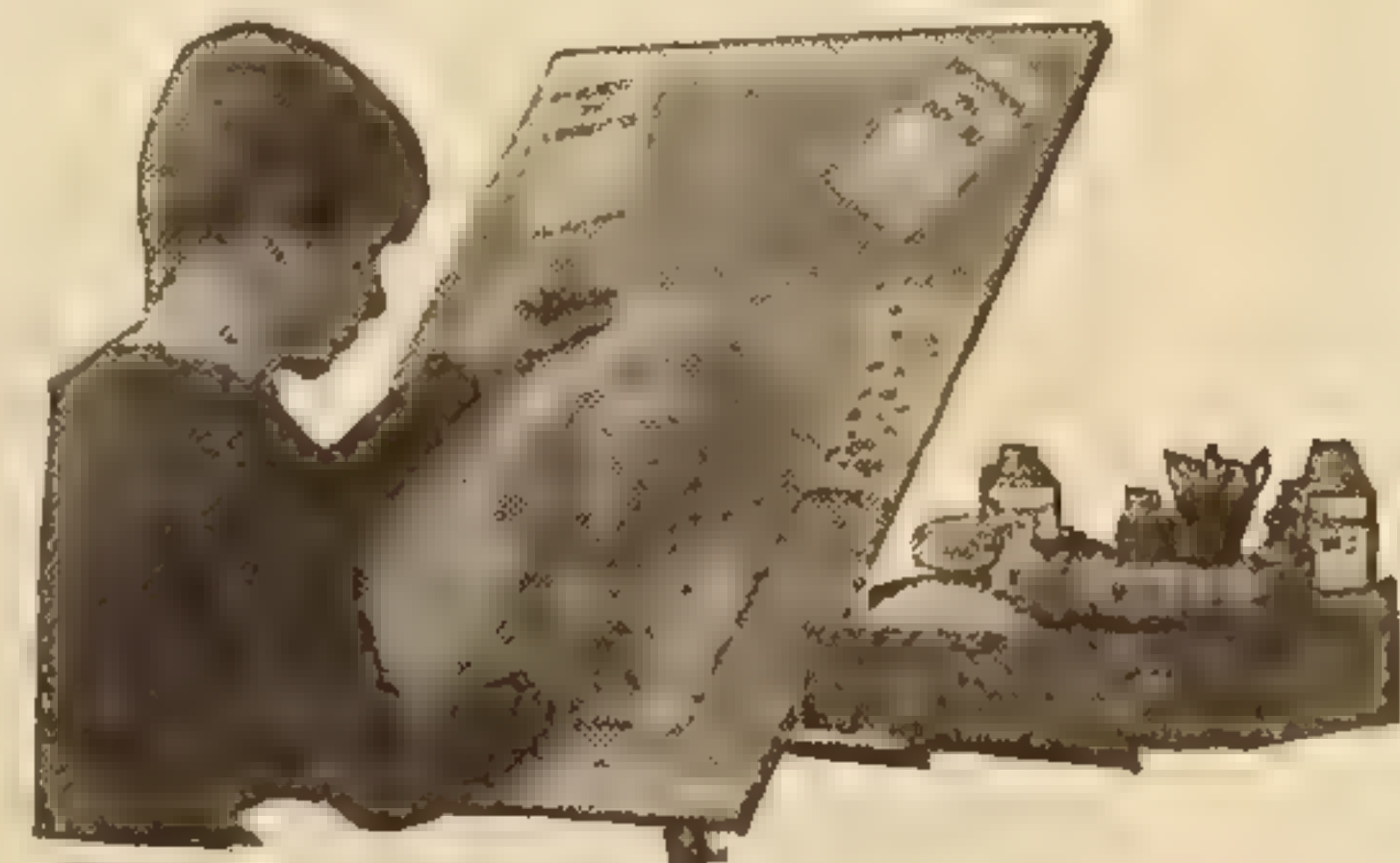
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The Girl Who Quit Hollywood

By Agnes Kenare O'Malley

PLEASE don't write any fan letters to Hope Drown. She won't be here to receive them. She has left Hollywood and motion pictures flat to play an important part with Frank Keenan in *Peter West* in New York.

She doesn't like picture work, and isn't even going to see herself in "Hollywood."

"I didn't really want to act in pictures in the first place," she said, almost plaintively, as if being given the leading role in a James Cruze production was taking a mean advantage of a young girl.

"My experience is really a case of having fame thrust upon one. Of course, I know my only qualification for the role was the fact that I was unknown on the screen, and this was absolutely essential to the story."

That may be what Hope thinks, but I know James Cruze, the director, was not insensible to two hazel eyes with wistful appeal.

"I'll tell you how it came about," Miss Drown offered. "I was playing in stock in San Diego. Someone told me James Cruze had seen me there and wanted to make a screen



Hope Drown

test. I wasn't actually opposed to picture work then, but I had no ambitions along that line, so nothing came of it. Then it seems Mr. Cruze was in San Diego again a couple of months later; this was while he was in search of 'the new face' that he had to have for the part in his picture *Hollywood*. It's the story of a small town girl who comes out here to get into pictures, you know, and in order not to destroy the illusion of the story, Mr. Cruze wanted someone for the part that had never been seen on the screen.

"I was visiting Ramona's home near San Diego with some sight-seeing friends at the time, and so it happened was Mr. Cruze. He saw and recognized me, and asked me if I would make a screen test for him. I had no particular reason for refusing, so I agreed to do it. He liked the result and offered me the part. Well, it was flattering, and so I accepted."

"With such a flying start, I should think you would be anxious to go right on—a James Cruze picture—such a wonderful opportunity (Continued on Page 82)

And the Boy Who Came to Conquer It

By Eunice Marshall

HAIL Mario, brother of Ramon!

There are actually seven brothers and sisters of Ramon. Five strapping Samaniegos boys, melting of eye and shiny of hair, even as Ramon himself. Two luscious Samaniegos girls, equally melting of eye and with black curling eyelashes long enough to braid. And all of them hungering and thirsting to share brother Ramon's triumphs.

Which brings us to Mario.

Slim, graceful, doggedly ambitious, Mario Navarro, *nee* Mariano Samaniegos, seems to have the qualities necessary in a screen player. In person he strongly resembles his famous brother. Indeed, in the plumed hat and sixteenth century costume which he wears in Constance Talmadge's picture, *The Dangerous Maid*, one would almost swear that he was Ramon himself. Whether this resemblance is going to be a help or a hindrance remains to be seen.

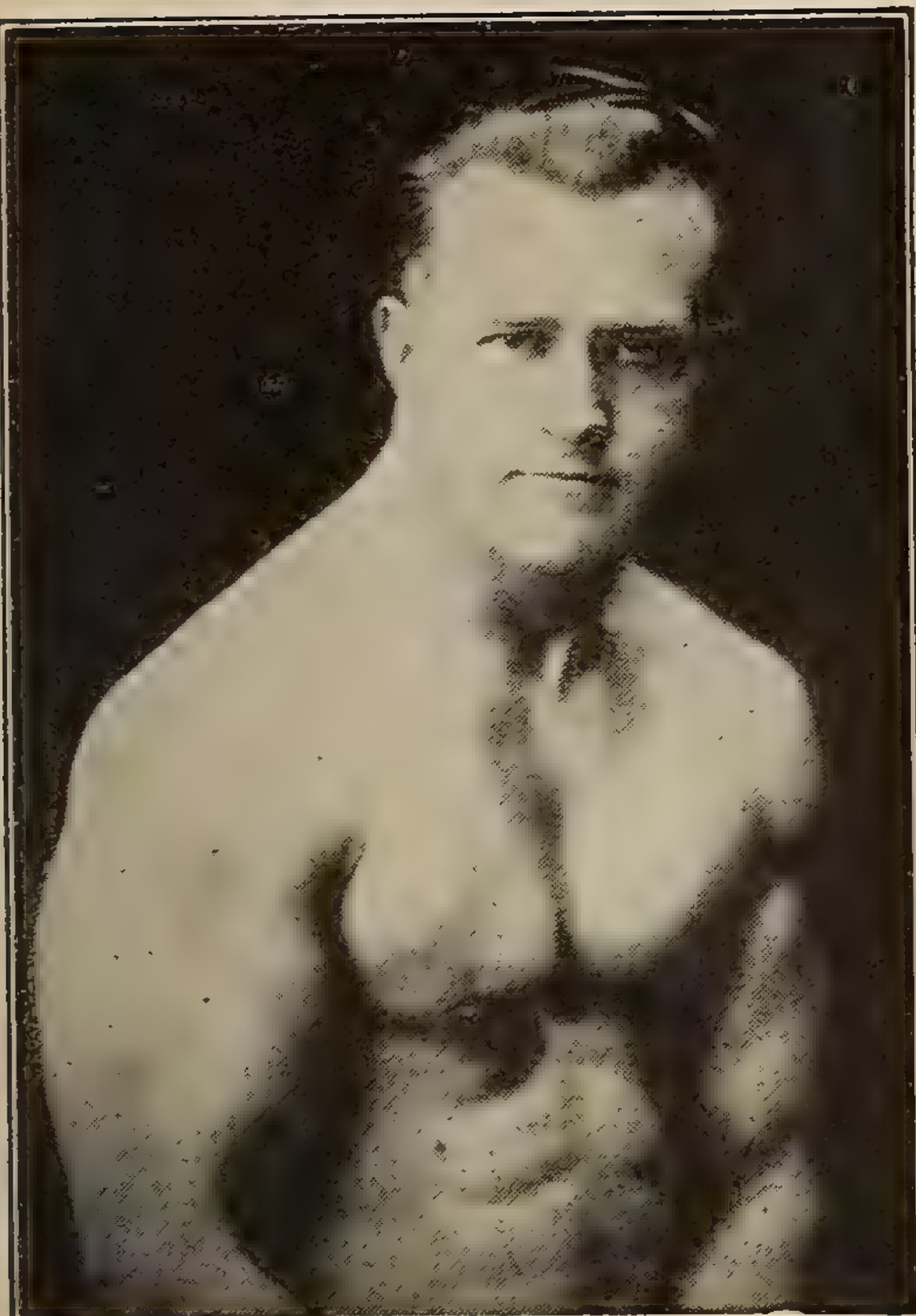


Mario Navarro

Certainly he has no desire to trade on his brother's achievements.

It was through Ramon's influence that he got his first chance in pictures. That was in *Scaramouche*. The word had gone out that French types were wanted for "atmosphere" for a big mob scene. The morning the scene was to be shot, Ramon burst into Rex Ingram's office with the glad news that the types waited without. They did. A great throng of Spanish and Mexican friends of Ramon's had responded to his hint that this was a good chance to get into the movies. And among the throng was Mario.

His next job, however, and everything that he has done since, Mario has accomplished through his own efforts. He respects and admires his brother tremendously, but he doesn't want to bask in his reflected glory. He has made only one concession; he has adopted Ramon's screen name for his own. Mariano (Continued on page 82)



Earl E. Liederman
as he is today

Gee! But It's Great To Be Healthy!

Up in the morning brimming with pep. Eat like a kid and off for the day's work feeling like a race horse. You don't care how much work awaits you, for that's what you crave—hard work and plenty of it. And when the day is over, are you tired? I should say not. Those days are gone forever. That's the way a strong, healthy man acts. His broad chest breathes deep with oxygen purifying his blood so that his very body tingles with life. His brain is clear and his eyes sparkle. He has a spring to his step and a confidence to tackle anything at any time.

Pity the Weakling

Don't you feel sorry for those poor fellows dragging along through life with a neglected body? They are up and around a full half hour in the morning before they are half awake. They taste a bit of food and call it a breakfast. Shuffle off to work and drag through the day. It's no wonder so few of them ever succeed. Nobody wants a dead one hanging around. It's the live ones that count.

Strength Is Yours

Wake up fellows and look the facts in the face. It's up to you right now. What do you plan to be—a live one or a dead one? Health and strength are yours if you'll work for them, so why choose a life of suffering and failure?

Exercise will do it. By that I mean the right kind of exercise. Yes, your body needs it just as much as it does food. If you don't get it you soon develop into a flat-chested, narrow-shouldered weakling with a brain that needs all kinds of stimulants and foolish treatments to make it act. I know what I am talking about. I haven't devoted all these years for nothing. Come to me and give me the facts and I'll transform that body of yours so you won't know it. I will broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest, and give you the arms and legs of a real man. Meanwhile, I work on the muscles in and around your vital organs, making your heart pump rich, pure blood and putting real pep in your old backbone. This is no idle talk. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. If you doubt me, come on and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for My New 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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Dept. 2111, 305 Broadway, New York City

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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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City..... State.....

The New Screenplays in Review

(Continued from page 44)

satire. It is the first time on record that the screen has laughed at itself.

Cruze here proves his metal as a director—and makes me doubt whether *The Covered Wagon* was such a chance hit after all. Come to think of it, didn't Cruze make that gem, *One Glorious Day*? *Hollywood* has humor and a tear or two, along with a joyous sense of the fantastic. Cruze has inserted a delightfully mad dream into *Hollywood* that is better than anything I have ever glimpsed. This makes me long for him to adventure into *Alice in Wonderland*.

Minor Films of Month

THERE were other pictures of the month, but they weren't so much. Gloria Swanson's *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* is a bad celluloid adaptation of what was once a fairly piquant French farce. In its present form it won't take Will Hays' mind away from his dear statistics for a moment. The story is drivel in its present form and Miss Swanson, without disclosing anything new histrionically, does reveal some bad taste in gowns.

Priscilla Dean's *Drifting*, based upon John Colton's stage play done originally by Alice Brady, also is massacred to make a Hays holiday. Cassie Cook was a lady of moral versatility in the original stage play but here she is a little virgin who engaged in the opium traffic. At least we guessed it was opium. The sub-titles referred to the stuff as it most of the time, being as reticent as a boot-legger discussing his stock over the telephone.

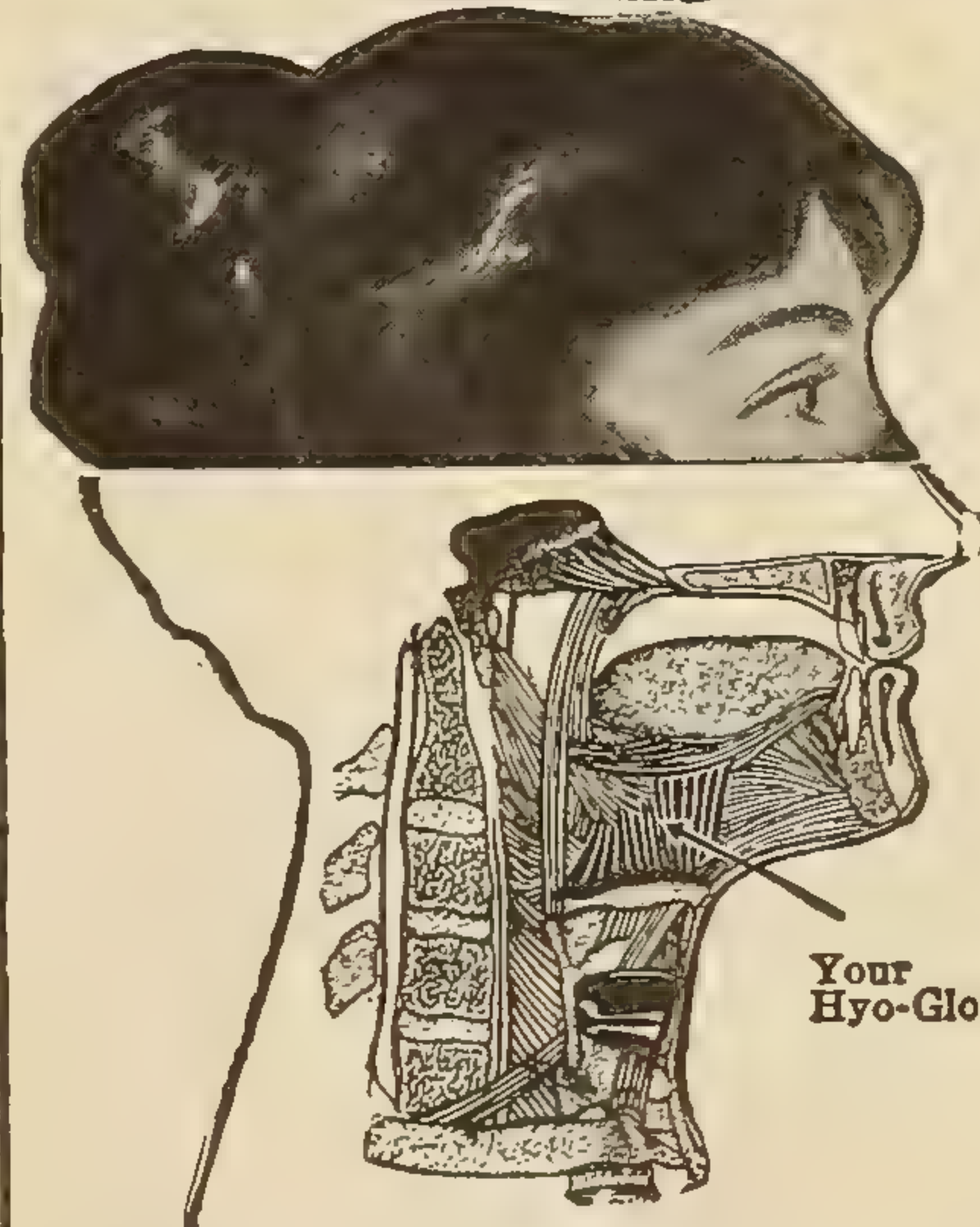
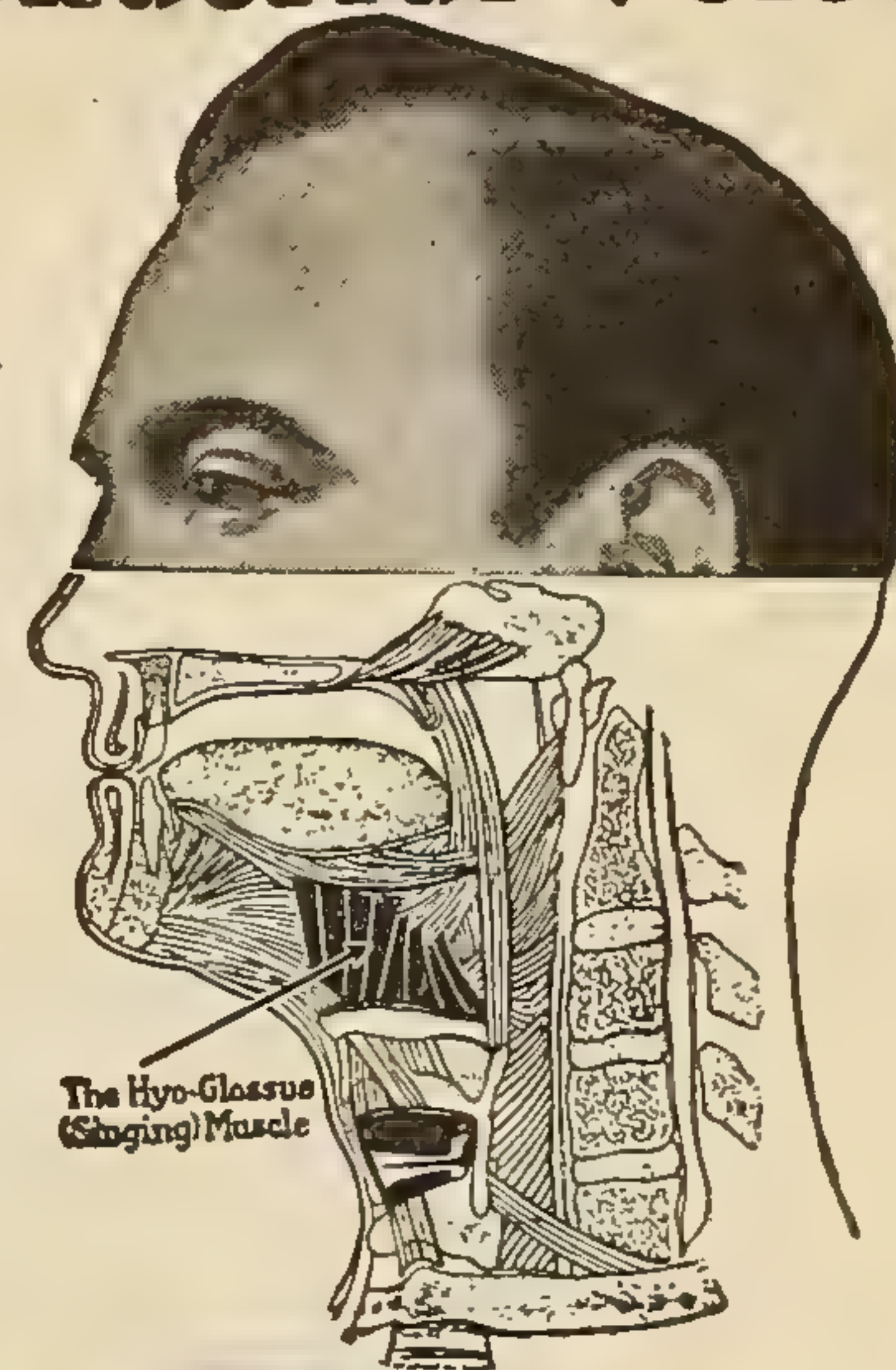
The story is in a fearful jumble but, from what I could gather, Miss Dean was having a terrible time, pursued by Chinese hill folk, through the permanent sets on the Universal lot. A desperate time, indeed, but Miss Dean never upset her perfect coiffure. Such acting as exists in *Drifting* is contributed by Anna Mae Wong.

I can hardly comment coherently upon Goldwyn's production of *Red Lights*, once called *The Rear Car* when it was a stage play by Edward Rose. This is one of those dreadful mystery melodramas, worse than Griffith's *One Exciting Night*. Much worse, indeed. Burlesque titles might do something for it. As it is, *Red Lights* is awful.

Do Our Motion Picture Stars Dress Well?

See the December SCREENLAND and Read what a famous clothes authority has to say on the subject

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice



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SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
119 West 40th St., New York City

The Girl Who Quit Hollywood

(Continued from page 80)

—I can't understand," I interposed.

"No one understands—particularly the people here at the studio." She unconsciously lowered her voice. "I actually believe they dislike me. They think it sacrilege for me to feel this way about the pictures. But I can't help it. I have only one good camera angle—and how can I act with this dreadful knowledge uppermost in my mind? In *Hollywood* when I should have been throwing myself into the part of Angela Whitaker, concentrating upon how to get the most out of every emotional scene—I found myself wondering, instead, if I was in the correct position for the camera man—if he was getting the slant of my head that Mr. Cruze wanted. And I want to act—not pose.

"Do you know, it almost seems wrong for me to have had that part in *Hollywood*—think what it would have meant to some hard-working extra girl.

"You're thinking that I don't know enough about either the screen or the

stage to really be sure what I want, but I've had enough stock experience to know that I love the stage. Besides the San Diego company, I was with the Thomas Wilkes Stock at the Alcazar in San Francisco; then I played the lead in *The Rear Car* at the Morosco here. And there's no training so good as stock. Compared with it, motion picture work seems recreation. All through *Hollywood* I never once felt I was acting—I felt like a marionette, with the director pulling the strings.

"My father, Clarence Drown, has been a stage director all his life, so you see I was really raised in that atmosphere. I was born in Chicago, but we moved to Los Angeles while I was still a baby, when he came here to manage the Orpheum Theatre. All our friends are stage people—why it seems almost like treason for me to be in pictures!

"I'm terribly thrilled at this offer from Frank Keenan. I feel it is the first step toward the success I've always dreamed of—Broadway!"

And the Boy Who Came to Conquer It

(Continued from page 80)

Samaniegos is an excellent Spanish name. Back in Durango, Mexico, where he was born and reared, it served admirably. But as a screen name, it is not so good. It is too long ever to go up in electric lights . . . and even a novice in pictures looks forward to that halycon time when his name will be featured over theatre entrances. Besides, few Americans can spell it. In fact, they can't even pronounce it.

Mario is twenty-two years old, still young enough to resent being called young. Ramon once told in an interview how he and his little brother left the old home at Durango and journeyed to this new and strange land to seek their fortunes. He was at that time seventeen years old. The "little brother" was Mario, and he was all of two years younger than Ramon! I think

Mario will never quite forget the indignity of that "little brother"!

They worked in the daytime, and in the evenings they went to night-school. Mario studied English. When he had the new tongue conquered he discovered he was forgetting his French. He had attended a French school in Mexico and as a result spoke the language fluently until he came to California. So he went back to night school to brush up on his French. He took other courses, too, in lieu of college work. But most of all he studied dramatics. On the stage of the Polytechnique High School he rejoiced in the opportunity to show that he, too, was an actor. And meanwhile he saved his money. Ramon forged ahead in pictures and the rest of the Samaniegos family came to Los Angeles to join their young pioneers. And finally Mario got his chance.

The Famous Motion Picture Criticisms
of

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH Appear Only in SCREENLAND

See Pages 42, 43 and 44



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The Listening Post

(Continued from page 75)

dangerous spots in America for the setting of the picture—namely, the Georgia swamps, which are infested with poisonous snakes, flies, insects—and alligators.

The company will make its headquarters in Jacksonville and from there will travel to the locations.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE, who recently returned from Rome, where he has been making the picturized version of Sir Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*, has a number of interesting things to say of Italy:

Mussolini Acts

"WHEN we reached Rome some of the people were glad that we were to make a Fascisti production, while others were opposed to the idea. However, we received a great deal of help from the Government and were permitted to go everywhere. I even photographed Mussolini in the picture, and in a sort of prologue, which we call a trailer, I have a picture of Mussolini in a scene in which I am directing him how to act. Of course, one of the reasons that we received so much attention and assistance was because the Government thought that this picture would turn out to be good propaganda, although actually it is not made with a hint of that intention. We were Americans and everybody was interested in us and our country. Incidentally, I used to have a great deal of comfort in Rome reading my New York Times. I never missed an issue that I could get hold of.

"One of the gentlemen who were of much assistance to us, and who was enthusiastic about the picture, was Prince Caetani, the Italian Ambassador at Washington. We spent three months in Italy, where, of course, we only filmed the exteriors, and for these we had the use of Villa Falconini, the Villa Aldobrandini, as well as many other lovely places. In our scene of the Colosseum we had a crowd of 10,000 persons. We also took sequences in the Forum and the Temple of Vesta. I believe it will turn out to be a different type of picture, a relief from the cut-and-dried love story with a New York background.

"I am enchanted with Italy and will soon return to make another picture there. Italy is settling down, and in my opinion Mussolini has accomplished wonders. There are no more beggars

(Continued on page 85)

Unsightly Hair Disappears as tho by Magic

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NO excuse now for any man or woman letting unsightly hair stay under the arms or other places where it isn't wanted. No longer any need to resort to makeshift methods that merely remove the hair temporarily, that make it come back thicker and heavier than ever, or that injure and irritate the skin.

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It's a combination treatment—never before anything like it. First you apply a bit of Kilrute Powder—almost instantly this dissolves the part of the hair that shows—in a few minutes all external trace of hair is gone. Then you apply a bit of Kilrute Lotion—this enters the hair socket or channel and works down to the hair follicle and devitalizes it. It does this by stopping or drying up the secretions which nourish the hair—literally starves the hair root to death.



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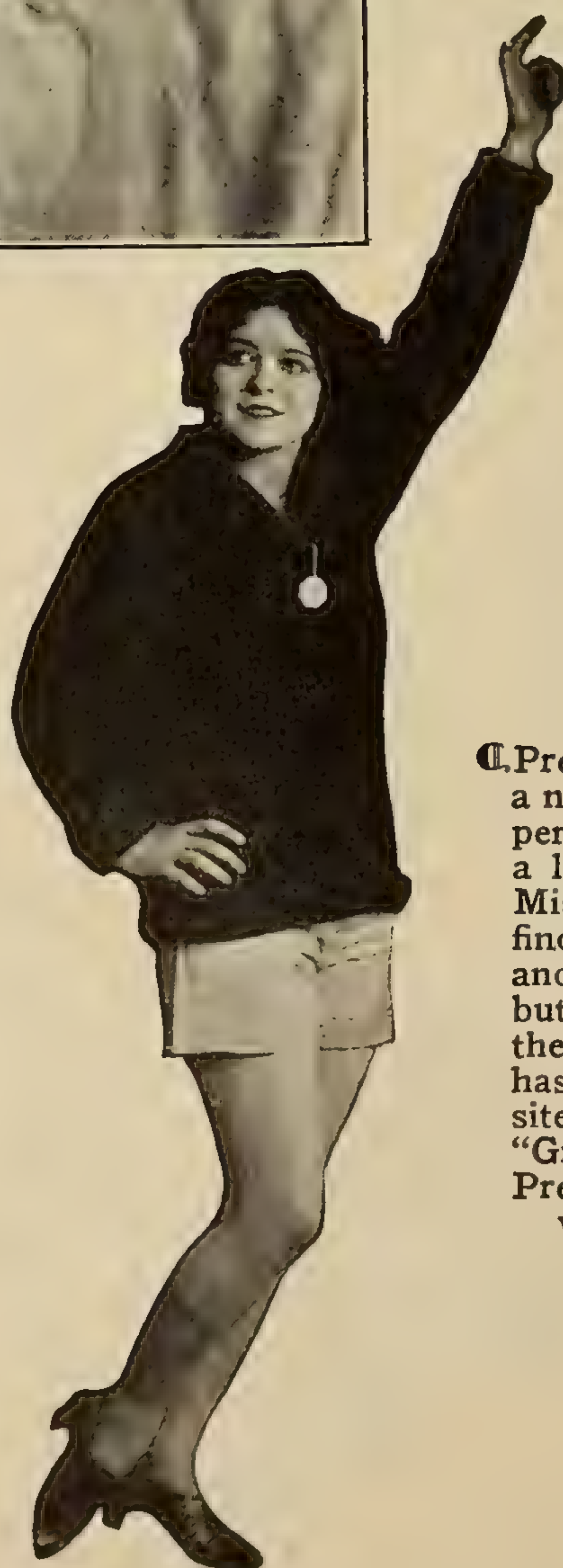
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Note: News of the wonderful work of Kilrute has caused such an overwhelming demand that we are obliged to discontinue sending out free trial samples, but we shall be happy to give FREE DEMONSTRATION or full treatment with charge at above address.



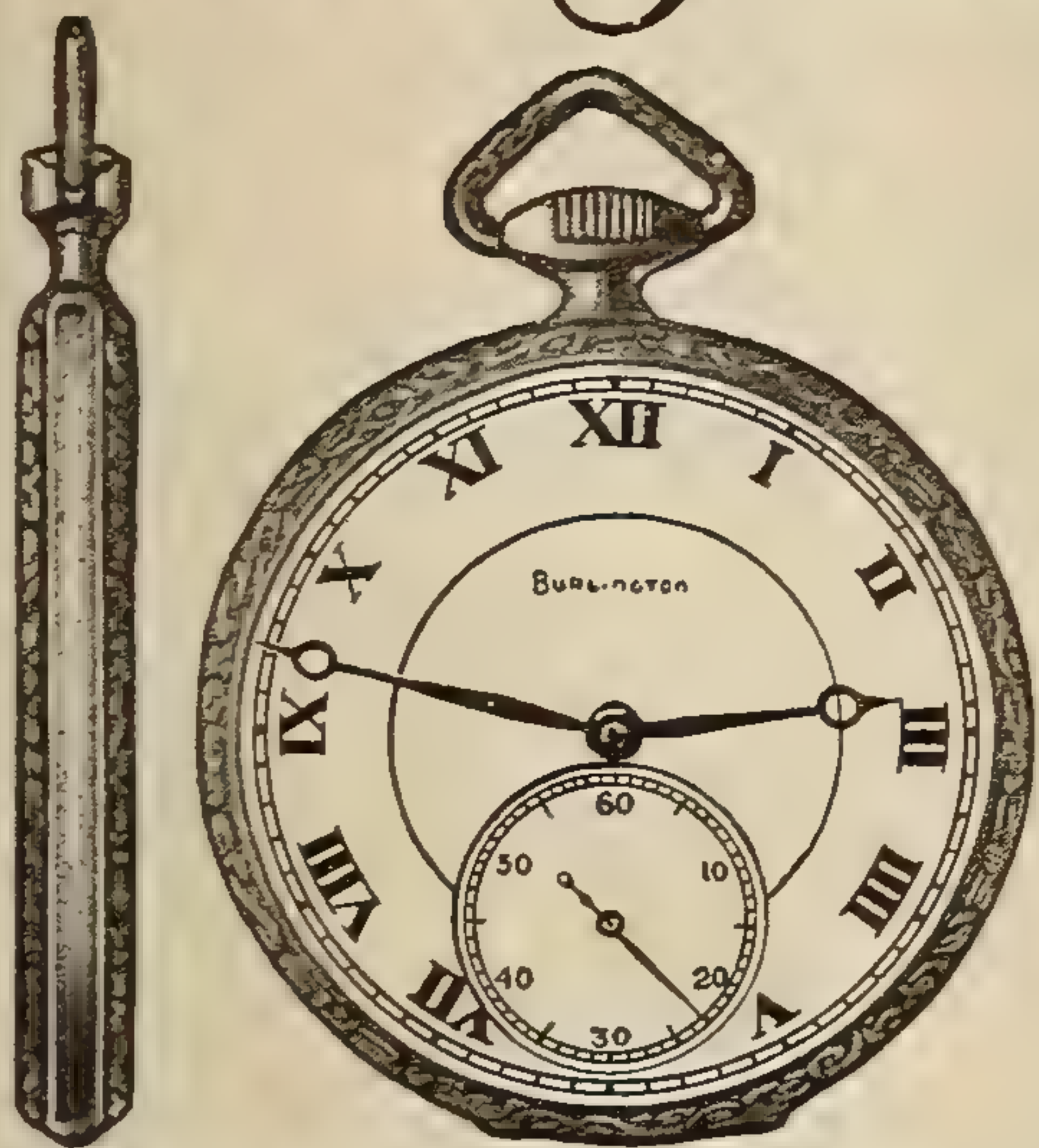
A New Film Find



C. Preferred Pictures has a new discovery in the person of Clara Bow, a little Brooklyn girl. Miss Bow is really a find of Elmer Clifton and she made her debut in his "Down to the Sea in Ships." She has just played opposite Glenn Hunter in "Grit" and begins her Preferred Contract with "Maytime."

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The Listening Post

(Continued from page 83)

in Rome. Not so long ago the Italian capital was filled with them. The Premier told them that they would all have to go to work, and that if they did not find congenial employment he would find work for them in Tripoli or breaking stones in places where they might not be so eager to go. That was just the way to talk to these people. It is surprising how soon they got down to doing something.

"Italy is a remarkably fine background for pictures, and I think that the interesting exteriors made in the locale in which the story is supposed to take place will be appreciated by all who see the finished work."

"Acting for motion pictures, no matter how great the actor, is not worth a larger salary than \$500 per week."

This, coming from Conway Tearle, one of the highest paid un-starred actors in films, offers a startling remark at this time when salaries are shooting skyward.

"By this I do not mean that those actors who receive large salaries are not in practically every instance entitled to every penny they receive—and more," says Mr. Tearle. "I do mean, however, that acting itself is not worth more than a weekly salary of \$500, no matter who the actor may be.

"No motion picture player receiving a large salary in pictures obtains this amount because of his or her acting ability. However, the drawing power of the actor or actress does warrant a full share of the profits on a screen-play. It is this drawing power that makes a player worth much more than \$500 weekly to the producer."

George Stewart Hurt

It's too bad that a nice young boy like George Stewart, Anita's brother, became involved in what promised to be an unpleasant scandal. The movie set in New York was horrified one morning to learn that George was in a hospital suffering from severe injuries inflicted upon him by his brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, the director.

The story of the fight between the two was rather vague. The rumpus happened somewhere in the road-house section of Westchester County during an automobile ride. The fact that Ince and George's other sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, are headed for a divorce gave rise to the rumor that a family quarrel started the battle.

(Continued on page 87)

Priscilla Dean Pearls



**Introductory \$4.97
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Take advantage of this opportunity. Because of this introductory advertising offer, this really beautiful strand of *Genuine French Pearls* such as you have always admired and wanted to wear and cherish as your very own, may now be yours at a price you can easily afford to pay.

Priscilla Dean, famous motion picture star of the Universal Film Corp., has, because of the rare beauty of these pearls, given her name to them. Twenty four inches in length, perfectly matched and graduated, with an iridescent rose tint, these pearls are the prettiest you have ever laid eyes on. Clasp is 14 karat solid white gold, studded with a *Genuine Chip Diamond*. Priscilla Dean Pearls are *indestructible* and guaranteed for 25 years against breaking, cracking, peeling or losing the beautiful lustre and sheen which they have when they come to you. Each strand sent in rich *satin lined plush box*. Worn by leaders of society and film stars, Priscilla Dean Pearls are sure to prove a charming accessory to every woman who likes beautiful things.

Priscilla Dean Pearls cannot today be bought in stores. A year from now they will be sold in stores but at a price of \$20. In the meantime you can get this beautiful strand direct from the originators at our introductory price of only \$4.97. The clasp alone would now cost this much in a retail store.

To show that we are confident that you will consider them an *amazing bargain* and superior to any pearl costing \$20, we make this offer: If after 10 days you are in any way dissatisfied, we will refund your money. *You take no risk.* Simply write your name and address on coupon below and send it to us. Do not send any money—pay postman \$4.97 plus few cents for postage when pearls arrive. *Order now* while this offer lasts. Get a strand for yourself or for present or future gift purposes.

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**14k. Solid
White Gold
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**Retail
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\$20.00**

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WATER GOLF

This is the newest sport of the Pacific coast. Note the two golfers. Reading from left to right you will find Derelys Perdue and Mary Louise Hartje, the "Million dollar extra girl" who comes from one of Pittsburgh's wealthiest and oldest families.

The seventh "hole" above presents its menaces. "Right on the green," Miss Perdue is urging, while Warner Baxter is the buoyant golfer taking aim at the floating marker.



The Listening Post

(Continued from page 85)

While George was still in a critical condition, there was some talk of bringing legal charges against Ince. But the whole unfortunate business was patched up so Ince will probably keep to his plans and go to Cuba to work on a new picture.

Lillian Gish Sails

WITH a studio in Rome at her disposal, Lillian Gish has sailed for Italy to spend most of the winter on the production of *Romola*. Henry King, who directed *The White Sister*, is again in charge and left for Italy some time ahead of Miss Gish to find locations. Dorothy will share honors with her sister. The sisters sailed together, naturally.

Dorothy, who has been in and out of stardom for several years, will head a unit of her own upon her return, sponsored by Inspiration Pictures. So far, Inspiration's two stars have been Richard Barthelmess and Lillian. Dorothy, however, has been under contract with the company, appearing in *Fury* and *The Bright Shawl* with Barthelmess.

The honeymoon of Lila Lee and James Kirkwood nearly ended tragically when Kirkwood was seriously injured by a fall from a horse. The accident took place in Beverly Hills and Kirkwood was rushed to a hospital where it was found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. He will be forced to remain out of the studios for a time at least.

Theda Bara Returns

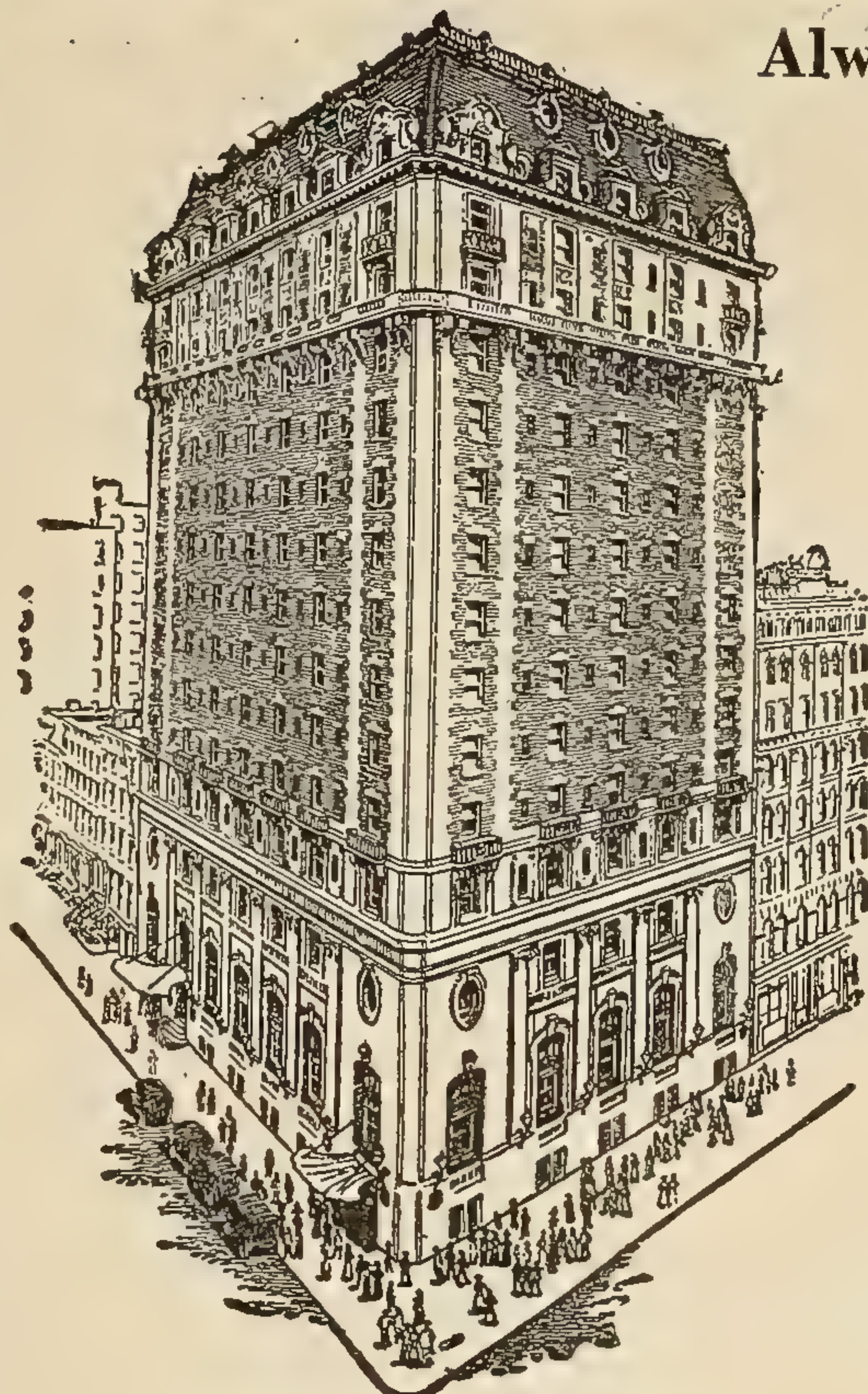
THEDA BARA is coming back to the screen, after hesitating for several years. Her contract with B. F. Fine-man calls for a series of special pictures. Theda came to New York for a few weeks before going back to Hollywood to work.

The members of *The Eternal City* company came back from Rome with many thousand feet of film and plenty to talk about. It was a lively organization for among those present were George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere; Lionel Barrymore and his latest wife, Irene Fenwick; Barbara La Mar and her new husband, Jack Daugherty; also Bert Lytell, Montagu Love and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett. All the expenses were charged to the brave Samuel Goldwyn.

It is said that Sir Hall Caine ob-

(Continued on page 88)

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The Listening Post

(Continued from page 87)

jected to some of the modern improvements inserted into his story by Ouida Bergere. It is also said that Barbara La Marr objects to the story that she had adopted an Italian baby. Barbara says she did no such thing. One adopted baby is enough for the present.

Stamford, Connecticut, gets all the fun of being a real movie town whenever Bob Vignola starts staging mediaeval pageants in its best picnic grounds. Marion Davies spent several weeks there on scenes for *Yolanda* which Vignola is directing and the natives had a gorgeous time watching the torch light processions which were filmed at night.

Marie Divorces Hubby

FEW persons knew that Marie Prevost had a husband until she decided to divorce him. While the former Sennett bathing girl jumped to stardom, the unknown Mr. Gerke remained in the background. The rumor that Marie will marry Kenneth Harlan is one of those things that will not down; especially now that Marie has her divorce.

Hollywood will have another type of temperament to deal with when John Barrymore arrives there. Barrymore goes West to play in *Beau Brummel* at the Warner studios. Like Pola Negri, John knows how, when, where and why he wants to work. Mary Astor has been chosen as his leading woman.

Pola has been having a vacation. She went to the Grand Canyon with Kathlyn Williams, who is her closest friend. Pola approves of the Grand Canyon so Nature won't have to be called in to alter that set.

Fortune has, at last, changed in favor of Zasu Pitts. Poor Zasu worked for years in "type" parts but the most she ever got was a bit of character work and a small salary. She was first brought to the notice of the public by King Vidor but, unfortunately, she wasn't the beautiful clothes model type and the producers couldn't see her with field glasses.

But Von Stroheim gave her a big role in *Greed* and the reports of her work were so good that Paramount immediately sent for her to play in *West of the Water Tower*. So Zasu came on to New York in stellar triumph. Zasu is married to Tom Gallery and has a young baby daughter.



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From A. M. to P. M.

(Continued from page 35)

Evening

- 6:00 Taxi drivers get ferocious.
- 6:30 Man in Harlem says to wife, "What! Are we having stew again?"
- 6:45 908 hostesses say, "How about another round?"
- 6:58 890,782 men wonder if they can get away with the old alibi for not coming home to dinner.
- 7:00 74 movie actresses decide to spend the evening at home with mother.
- 7:01 The telephone rings.
- 7:15 Mother prepares to eat a cold dinner out of the ice box.
- 7:30 Man in Italian table d'hote discovers real pearl in real oyster.
- 7:33 Newspapers get out an extra about it.
- 7:45 Man from Xenia, Ohio, says that \$22 is too much to pay for theatre tickets.
- 8:00 Box-holder accidentally arrives on time for opera.
- 8:15 Opening of theatres. The dam bursts on Broadway.
- 9:00 Dramatic critic loses \$16 in crap game between Acts I. and II.
- 10:15 Movie star, attending first night, leaves because nobody recognizes her.
- 11:00 Another dramatic knockout sent to Cain's storehouse.
- 11:15 Lady says it was a nice little play but not worth \$3.85.
- 11:45 1,789,167 flasks removed from hip pockets.
- 12:00 Movie actress, being shown the bright lights, wishes she were back in Hollywood.
- 12:30 Lady from out of town tells her husband she sees nothing artistic in Gilda Gray's dancing.
- 12:45 \$15,690,078 dollars and 25,000 fur coats accumulated by gold-diggers.
- 1:00 Chorus girl remembers she promised mother to go home early.
- 1:15 Debutantes inform sympathetic listeners that they are tired of it all and would love to run a cute little tea room.
- 1:45 678 men tell the world that they are absolutely cold sober.
- 2:00 The chairs are piled on the tables.
- 2:30 567 parties decide to go somewhere from here.
- 2:45 Visiting buyers declare that New York is a grand place to visit but they wouldn't care to live there.



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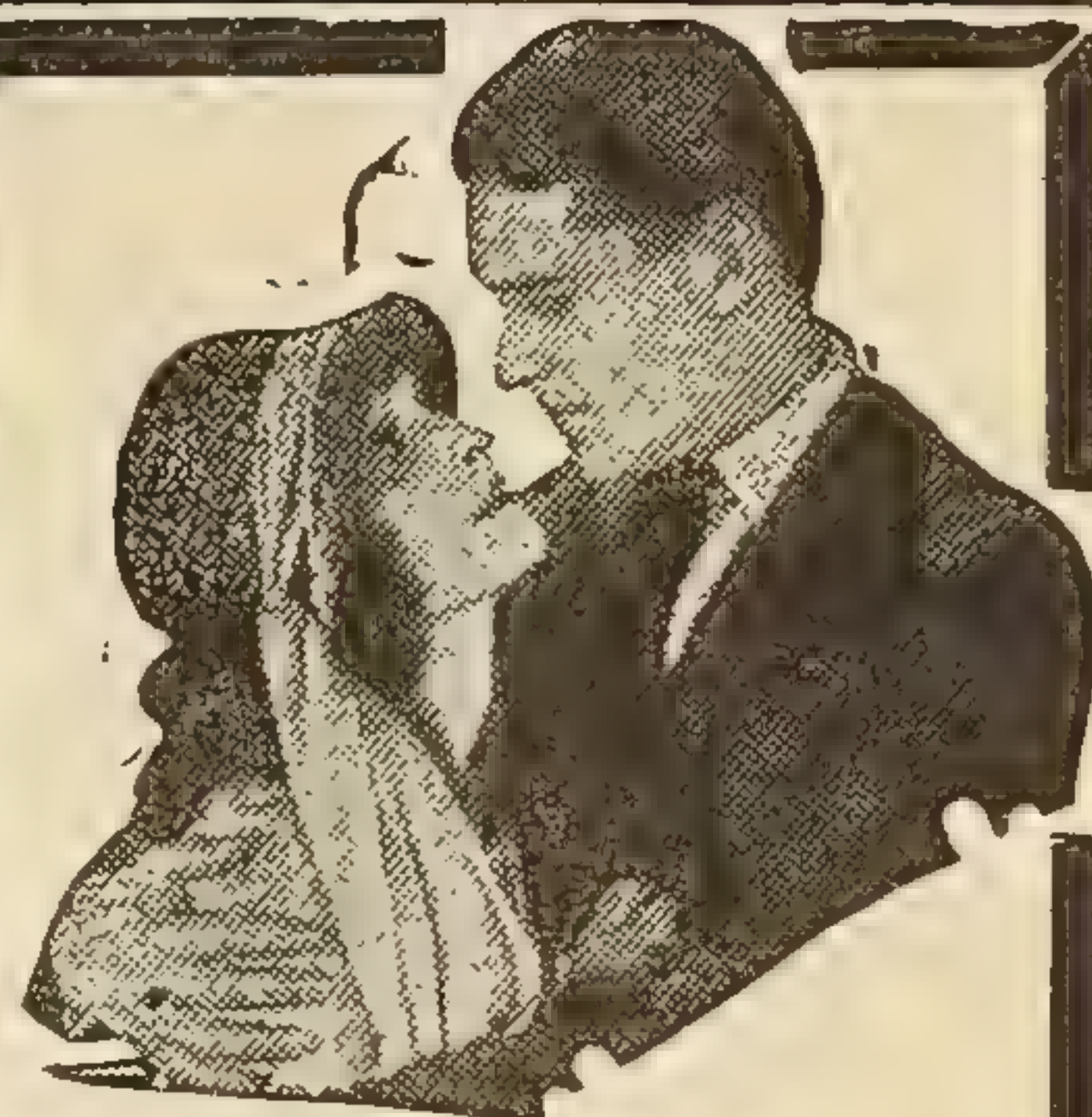
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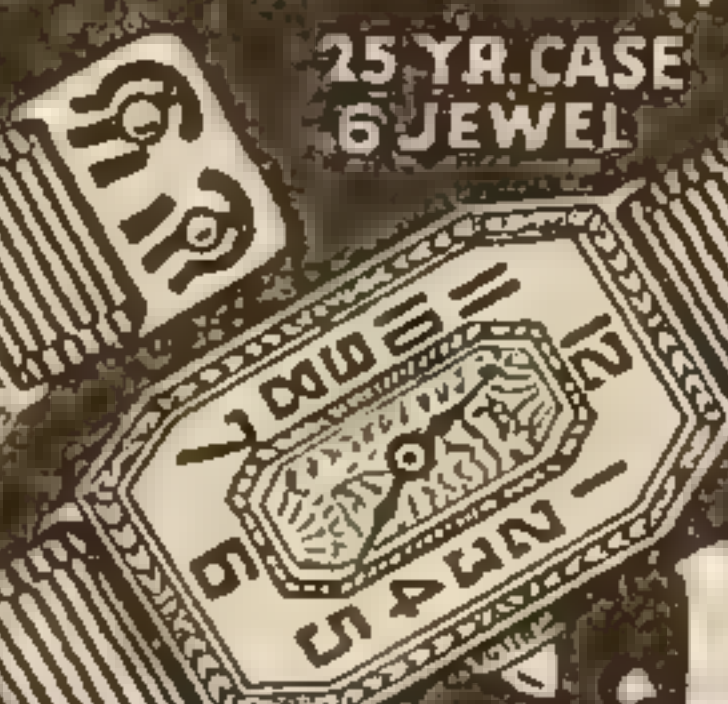
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C.Top —Dorothy Mackaill, who does such distinguished work in "The Fighting Blade" with Richard Barthelmess that SCREENLAND predicts stardom for her before long. Born in Hull, England, Miss Mac-kaill came to America as a Ziegfeld review flapper.



C.Above—Hope Drown, the heroine of the behind-the-screen success, "Hollywood." Miss Drown reveals distinct promise in this—her first real role. She is a Jimmie Cruze discovery.

C.Left—Lucille Ricksen, only 14 and yet a screen player for nine years. She had the lead in the Tarkington Edgar comedies, and played baby vamp roles when she was at grammar school. Her real name is Ingeborg Erik-sen. My! My!

Art's Outcast

(Continued from page 41)

Mack's greatest comedian, at present, is Ben Turpin who makes ladies scream with horror and gentlemen rage with disgust. Ben's sole claim to glory is his cross eyes and his hair, which is cut Shakespearean style. Ben has all the superb and eloquent gestures of an actor of the old school. His technique is about the same as that of Robert Mantell.

On the screen he creates a vividly real person. Ben is the guileless fool and the innocent man of the world, with just a touch of reckless and mad heroism in his nature. He is the prey of vampires, the tool of wild women, the victim of his own emotions and the goat of his own ideals.

In other words, Ben is just like the average voting citizen except that he has cross eyes.

Ben is Franklyn Fairchild, the ladies' man; or Rodney St. Clair, the man's man and hero of *Married Life*—*Not a War Picture*. And he is Sam Smythe, "our hero brave and bold, ivory head with heart of gold."

Turpin and the Miracle

IT WAS in *A Small Town Idol* that Ben went to Hollywood and scooped a beat on *Merton of the Movies*, *Souls for Sale* and *Hollywood*. In the same picture, too, Ben played the burlesque hero of another *Miracle Man*. As the usher of the village church, he is kicked out in disgrace because he is found with a picture of a bathing girl in his pocket. Whereupon he steps to the altar and appeals to heaven to vindicate him.

"Is there no justice? Is there no light?" he cries out in deep agony of soul.

Whereupon Heaven answers him. The window falls and a ray of sunlight encircles Ben's head.

"Either there is a God or the window needs fixing," exclaims Ben.

at of the Pants Sonatas

MACK SENNETT now concerns himself mostly with burlesques. In the old days, he turned out what George Jean Nathan called "seat of the pants sonatas." He was an expert at rough stuff. In one picture, Louise Fazenda as a little Turkish girl, led her pet goat into a mosque while the Orientals were bending in prayer. It takes a great mind to think of a stunt like that.

His earlier comedies centered about a few choice characters. There were Mabel and Fatty and Charlie, later just Mabel and Fatty. And then there were

Ambrose and the Walrus. Ford Sterling and Hank Mann—the fellow with an Elihu Root hair cut—and Frank Hayes, desk sergeant of the Keystone cops were also heroes in his outrageous farces. Ford Sterling usually played the jealous and suspicious husband with the flirtatious wife while Hank Mann was a bashful boy who was willing to listen to reason. And, too, there were John Henry, Pepper, the cat, and Teddy the great Dane. Those were the grand old days when Gloria Swanson was "atmosphere" in a bathing suit and it wasn't considered an insult to Will Hayes for a man to hit his lawful wife with a custard pie.

tt Changed Humor of World

SENNETT'S greatest comedies have been his short ones, although *Tillie's Punctured Romance* changed the humor of the world by bringing Chaplin into notice. Audiences can't stand the strain of a large dose of Mack's merciless wit. They claim he is too ridiculous to tell a straight story that lasts an hour.

In fact, many persons who accepted *The Beast of Berlin* as sound international politics, threatened to protest to the government about Mack's comedy, *Yankee Doodle in Berlin*. They thought it was extremely undignified of Mack to show the ex-Kaiser cheating at croquet. And they thought it was bad taste of Mack to present the Crown Prince as a chicken-chaser who couldn't keep his mind on the war when there was a woman in the room.

More Than Mere Foolishness

MACK'S shorter comedies are accepted as so much foolishness which you can take or leave alone on the program of the evening. But even his more pretentious efforts don't start any roarings among the critical lions who are looking for a dramatic theme, a message, or maybe a moral in any picture that isn't openly labelled a slapstick time-killer. Nevertheless, in his few long pictures Mack has successfully kidded war propaganda, amateur theatricals—in *Married Life*; *Hollywood*—in *A Small Town Idol*; the William Fox melodrama of the wicked city—in *The Crossroads of New York*; the Valentino craze—in *The Shriek* and various other absurdities.

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(Continued on page 94)



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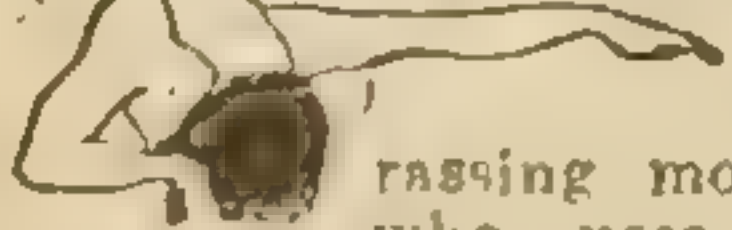
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They Never Quit

(Continued from page 62)

And so Mildred Davis is excitedly waiting for "something good" to come along. She doesn't want to be Harold's leading lady again. When her long-term contract expired, before her marriage, they wanted her to renew it. But she didn't want to.

"All I had to do was to look cute," she said. "There wasn't any chance for me to act. I want to do dramatic work, not comedies."

Mildred a Quaker Maid

MILDRED DAVIS comes of a staid Quaker family, you know. Her father always wanted to act; he must have been a throw-back to some remote cavalier ancestor. But his family held up their hands in horror. A play-actor in the family? God forbid! So the boy gave up his dearest wish and chose the profession which was almost as dramatic, the newspaper game. His daughter inherited her father's talent, and when she was offered the chance to support Harold Lloyd, he gave her the permission he had not been able to gain. And his family cast him off!

But now, they are very proud of Mildred. The ban is lifted and the staid Philadelphia Davises boast of their famous "baby." And they adore Harold! During their recent belated honeymoon trip east, Mildred and Harold visited her grandparents, and she says Harold quite put her nose out of joint. The two of them together have done quite a bit of missionary work for actors in Philadelphia!

The Case of Alice Terry

WHEN Alice Terry finished *The Prisoner of Zenda*, she turned over her star's dressing-room to Barbara La Marr and announced that she was through with pictures. Hereafter Alice Terry was not; she was to be only Mrs. Rex Ingram. She was going to revel in a perfect orgy of domesticity. She bought oodles of peignoirs and bungalow aprons and porch frocks and settled down to a life of placid housewifery.

Ingram protested. He had never had so beautiful a leading lady. Miss Terry screens beautifully. Her beauty is serene, faultless. But still, manlike, he rather liked the idea of having his lovely wife waiting for him in the evening. So he made *Trifling Women*, with Barbara LaMarr in the leading feminine role. And Alice Terry stayed at home and enjoyed it all hugely at first. No

early calls on the set to get up for. No interviews; she never cared much for interviews. It didn't even matter whether she maintained a strict diet. But enjoyment paled into ennui in the end. And when her husband started for Florida to film *Where the Pavement Ends*, Alice Terry was prominently numbered among the cast. For which all discriminating fans are sincerely thankful!

Natalie Returns to Films

UNDER a floral bell in the beautiful Long Island home of Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, Natalie Talmadge married Buster Keaton, and thereby renounced all claims to screen fame. She didn't want to stay in pictures. She was domestic by instinct. She was different from her sisters. Norma is a gloriously beautiful woman, with a hint of tragedienne about her. Constance is a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, sipping the sweets from life and enjoying every moment. But Natalie is a born wife and mother.

So she made a home for Buster. Baby Joseph was born. She and Buster were perfectly happy. Baby Joseph grew big and strong. He rules the household with a rod of iron. His mother and father and his famous aunts are his absolute slaves. He grew to be a year old.

Then Buster said to Natalie, "The kid is a big boy now. Why not come and be my leading lady in my next picture?"

Natalie Loves Her Home

NATALIE wasn't at all sure that she wanted to come, and in that she was different from the other brides. She loved her home. She liked to keep house. She liked to take care of her baby herself. A nurse had once let her baby fall ill. Thenceforth she suspected all nurses and took over the entire charge of her son. Screen work would cut in on all this.

But Buster insisted. And the thought was not unpleasant. Buster was planning something new in comedy stuff—a costume comedy in which the humor was to be supplied by the quaintness of garb and setting. No slap-stick stuff. So she came back.

I watched her go through a scene with Ralph Bushman, the tall son of the once famous Francis X., by the way. She wore a quaint frock of rose taffeta, with tight bodice, full crinolined skirt and

A GOOD Magazine

In trying to tell you about the November issue of the new magazine, REAL LIFE STORIES, the only thing we can think of that covers all angles of it is—it's a good magazine.

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Well, Mr. De Mille How About It?

(Continued from page 16)

By "coincidence" he has gotten some unusual shots. When Moses (Theodore Roberts) was leading the Children of Israel through the Red Sea they feared the loss of a scene because of atmospheric conditions, when suddenly, through menacing clouds, came a shaft of sunlight which enveloped Moses. The actors were much impressed and, in spite of the fact that De Mille says he is not prone to religious hysteria he, also, was impressed.

Curious Chain of Coincidences

IN San Francisco they were "shooting" down on a mob of people. They were not actors, but San Francisco citizens and the scene required a look of awe and fear on their faces. The camera men were cranking on what they could get, despite the fact that it was not right, when suddenly a bell tolled. A funeral passed by. Hats came off, some crossed themselves and a perfect shot was attained.

Yes, De Mille is awed. Superficially, anyway.

But we wonder what the real De Mille is thinking.

For he must know the handwriting on the screen.

Between Pictures

(Continued from page 65)

Louise Fazenda says she does something different in her vacations between pictures: she goes and has her pictures taken!

"I don't do anything a bit exciting," said Louise. "I have publicity pictures taken, and I leave all the tag ends of things to do at that time, such as writing letters to relatives, buying new clothes when I infinitely prefer those I'm used to, fixing up my income tax if any, calling on sick people who would probably much prefer to be left in peace, looking into real estate ventures that don't particularly interest me but which I am not strong enough to ignore when the agents plead with me, and generally doing those things that make me long to be back in the films, jumping off films and performing other refreshing stunts."

Miss Fazenda is a great reader. She spends much time with her books and very little on motion picture parties.

Claire Hunts Hats

GOING hatting is one of Claire Windsor's favorite vacation sports!

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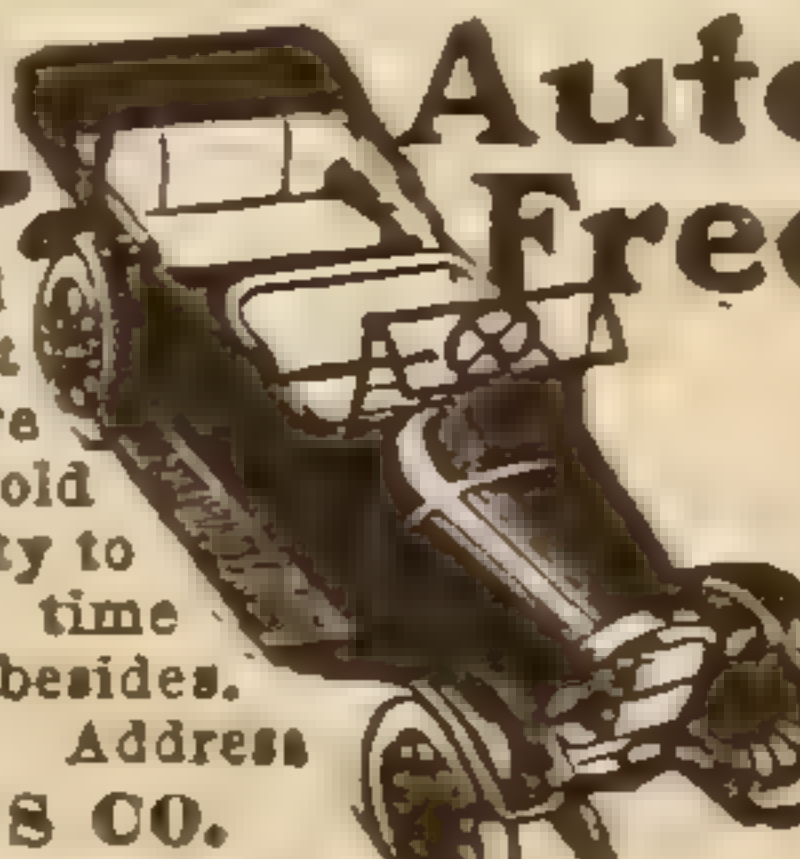
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Between Pictures

(Continued from page 95)



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She acknowledges she is a mad hatter, and always goes forth to buy hats when she has a lay-off. At one time Miss Windsor owned no less than forty sombreros.

The beautiful Claire this summer is taking short trips in her limousine. And not alone. John Steel, the musical comedy tenor, is usually with her. Miss Windsor is busy piloting him about to spots of interest, including all the landmarks from San Gabriel Mission to the American Legion boxing bouts on Friday nights, out there in Hollywood. She even leads him occasionally to the "march of the Hollywood soldiers," as they call the Thursday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel.

Will Rogers is always practicing new roping tricks during his vacations from pictures. He also spends a good deal of time with his youngsters in their games and stunts on the big grounds of his Beverly Hills home, where there are polo grounds and swimming pool.

The great comedian spent his last vacation down in Kingman, Arizona, on a cattle ranch, helping a friend brand calves!

"Before I went down, I asked my friend how far it was to the nearest railroad. He said, 'Eighty miles. You can taxi it!'"

Tom Mix Takes No Vacation

SELDOM indeed does Tom Mix have a vacation. While his last picture is being cut, Tom is preparing his next story. For relaxation, while he is conjuring up a plot, he takes a certain old automobile in his garage apart and puts it together again. When the job is done, his story is finished.

He had two weeks vacation not long ago, and spent most of the time trying to decide what to do. He had been invited to be the star of a rodeo in Oklahoma; there was a boat race on at Santa Barbara, a fight on at Shelby, and a friend was going to be married in Seattle. He pottered about the house, took his baby daughter Thomasina out for auto rides, and ended by taking his yacht to Santa Barbara for three days!

The minute Bill Farnum is free of picture work, he gets out the old fishing lines and goes fishing. He holds several records.

Bill Russell Raises Turkeys

WILLIAM RUSSELL owns a turkey ranch and a raisin ranch. He's an excellent authority on turkey raising, and makes a good deal of money in that

way. But he isn't so good as a raisin farmer. Not long ago, his foreman on his raisin ranch near Fresno, sent a kidding message to the head of the Fox film corporation, saying: "Call Bill Russell back and set him to work. As a farmer he's a good actor."

Russell is a wonderful horseman and swimmer, and spends a good deal of time at the beach. He has saved the lives of two or three people at Ocean Park, who were in fair way to drown had not Russell gallantly rushed into the surf and rescued them, and his friends down there call him the life guard."

Ruth Roland Buys Real Estate

THERE is no fun that's really as much fun as juggling real estate, says Ruth Roland. Miss Roland owns real acres in the heart of the residence district of Los Angeles, and has made much money selling it off for building lots. She also owns a few apartment houses, and when she isn't working in pictures, she is much too busy attending to business deals to play around to any extent. Catalina Island sees her occasionally, however.

Theodore Kosloff owns a large dancing academy in Los Angeles, where the Russian ballet is taught. Between pictures he oversees this and gives private lessons himself. Here nearly every picture star in the business has studied at one time or another, especially as the art of pantomime is one of the subjects taught. Mary Pickford at present is studying classic dancing and pantomime with Kosloff, while other stars who have stepped to the strains of the balailiki are Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Bessie Love, Leatrice Joy, Ethel Clayton, Nazimova, Julia Faye, Carmel Myers, and many others.

Sunday always finds Kosloff, Mrs. Kosloff, and Vera Fredowa, principal teacher in the Kosloff school and herself an accomplished dancer, picnicking, after motoring at breakneck speed with Kosloff himself at the helm of his machine. These Sunday outings are the only recreation Kosloff allows himself, except occasionally when, as the friend and right hand man of Cecil B. De Mille, he travels with the latter on De Mille's big motorboat up and down the California coast, talking and advising with the director on stories for the films.

Viola Dana Runs a Garage

NATURALLY Viola Dana bought that garage she owns in Hollywood merely

as a part of a coveted corner lot. She expected to speculate with the property. But she finds the garage so lucrative that she doesn't want to part with it. For, despite her flapper ways, little Viola is a very good business woman. She goes down there between pictures, to oversee the business, and woe betide the man in charge if he hasn't properly attended to his work.

Swimming is another thing Miss Dana never finds enough of. She drives to the beach almost every day in summertime, and even promotes moonlight bathing parties between pictures. A tall, athletic young picture actor sometimes accompanies her on these swimming trips, but often as not she goes alone, parks her car, gets her bathing suit, and swims out beyond the breakers. She is a strong swimmer, and quite unafraid. One day she struck an undertow while swimming, and was hauled ashore by a lifeguard, but she never was terrified afterward, as one would imagine, but calmly went in next day.

Looking after the education and welfare of her little five-year-old daughter is what Florence Vidor does between pictures. She is a wonderful mother, is Mrs. Vidor, even though she is also a very fine actress.

Little Shirley Mason will probably never get over being a kid. Between pictures she recently papered her dressing room with white paper, doing the work herself. Then she cuts out favorite magazine covers which she had been saving, and pastes them on the walls! She has lately been vacationing in New York.

The prize has to go to Mae Bush for between-pictures employment. She recently went to work in a department store as a clerk, and afterward as a cashier in a cheap restaurant! At least so her press agent says.

George Walsh Likes Swimming

SWIMMING is George Walsh's favorite recreation. He swims a lot in the Fairbanks' pool in Beverly Hills.

James Kirkwood, another Goldwyn star, has been assiduously courting Lila Lee between pictures. What he will do, now that she is his, remains to be seen. It is likely that he will build a home, in which case both he and Lila will be busy between pictures overseeing its erection.

Lew Cody doesn't pretend that he is painfully highbrow all the time—and very much likes to spend some of his time dancing and motoring with Peggy Eleanor or Priscilla Bonner.

Bebe Daniels loves visiting her grandmother, once herself a Spanish beauty, who dwells on a ranch in Glendale, a Los Angeles suburb. Here

Bebe spent much of her childhood, and here she loves still to ride the ranch horses and to drive her car on the country roads. Bebe has lately taken an interest in aviation, and expects to be able to throw a mean stick within a few weeks.

Pola and the Grand Canyon

EVERYBODY knows that during the past few months Pola Negri has spent her time between pictures with Charlie Chaplin, going to theatres, playing golf, and helping him to decide between French and Elizabethan period for his dining room furniture. But now, in chastened spirit, Pola is planning a vacation in the Grand Canyon, in company with Kathlyn Williams, during which she expects that quiet communion with nature will make her forget there ever was such a person as the fascinating but fickle "Sharlee."

Rod Le Rocque Likes Golf

WHEN Rod Le Rocque finishes his role in *The Ten Commandments*, he plans to devote two solid weeks to golf preferably at some secluded resort such as Del Monte. Whether he will actually get that far away is doubtful, but there is no doubt about the golf.

Richard Dix gets only an hour or two between pictures, he declares, but those hours are devoted to supervising the building of a house on a lot recently purchased by him in Hollywood.

There's nothing you can tell Priscilla Dean about period furniture, Oriental rugs, or the cost of same. She has been spending every spare moment furnishing her new home in Beverly Hills.

Alice Terry dotes on keeping house between pictures. She herself prepares food for her husband, Rex Ingram. Anyway, she says so.

"But he can cook better than I can," exclaims Alice, "and when I don't get things just right, why he goes out into the kitchen and fixes up something himself."

Miss Terry also spends a good deal of time in motoring about Hollywood.

Dorothy Phillips Dances

BETWEEN pictures, Dorothy Phillips studies classic dancing and looks after her home, which is also that of Allen Holubar, her husband. She expects to have her little daughter with her this summer, according to custom. The little one lives with her grandmother, in the east, during the remainder of the year.

Agnes Ayers spends her leisure time in motoring, and in looking after her little niece, Agnes, Jr., her brother's

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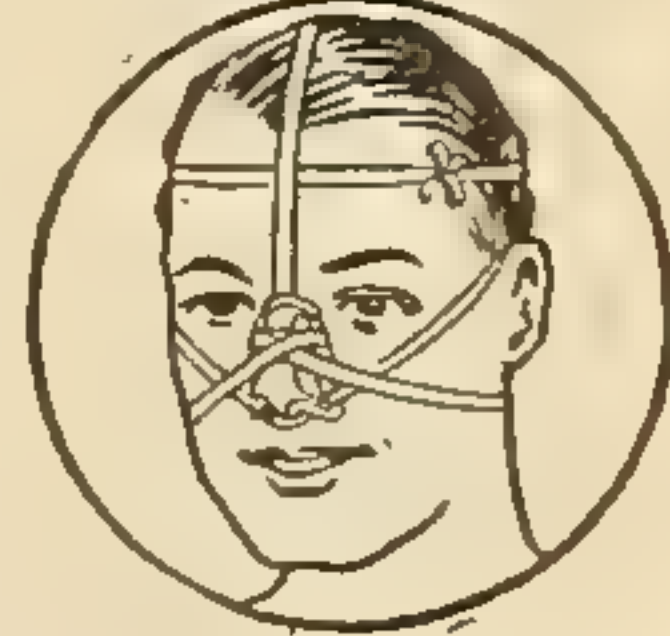
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Between Pictures

Conrad Nagle Raises Melons

MAYBE you wouldn't get excited over a new breed of melon, but Conrad Nagle does. He claims to have evolved a new species of melon! It is hard to imagine the immaculate Conrad fussing about a melon patch, clad in dirty old overalls, isn't it? But that is what he is doing, these days, in between making scenes of *Three Weeks*. Nagle owns a canteloupe ranch in Alhambra, just outside Los Angeles, and when he has nothing else to do, he drives down there to spend a day or two watching the melons grow. At home Conrad has a pansy garden of which he is very proud. Awfully wicked boy, Conrad!

George Beban, since his "beautiful and dumb" speech, isn't home in Hollywood much, but when he is he loves spending time between vaudeville tours and pictures, in his own garden.

It isn't everybody has a wonderful youngster, and Harry Carey loves spending all the time he can with his.

William S. Hart spends much time on his ranch near Los Angeles, where his beloved old horse is now pensioned off.

Gloria Swanson is a fine horse-woman, and adores riding between pictures.

Jack Kerrigan works in his garden between pictures.

Little Jackie Coogan never works on a set a minute longer than he has to. The minute he is free he is out playing like any normal boy. Maybe that's why his work is so good. But he is a tender hearted youngster, too, and he often visits the Children's Hospital, where he does stunts for the less fortunate ones. They all adore him.

It isn't all beer and skittles for the stars, these times between pictures. There are many tedious hours of posing for publicity pictures, of answering letters which must be answered in person, of interviews, of publicity stunts, of entertaining exhibitors whom they will never see again, of business details connected with private enterprise.

So much for most of the vacations. Of the bricks tossed through the schoolhouse window we refer you to Professor Hays!

daughter. The child is often at Miss Ayer's home, and the two are great pals.

"I've hardly had any 'between pictures'," explained Charles de Roche, the new Lasky star, "but at the first opportunity I shall return to my native land, France. I'm a little bit homesick, I'll admit."

Mae Murray spends her time between pictures, usually short, in shopping and in designing her many unique and beautiful costumes for the film plays in which she appears. She says she finds this sufficient change.

Thomas Meighan always rushes to New York for his vacations while Charlie Ray loves dawdling about at home with his music, pottering over his plants, and changing the furniture about in his house, during his time between pictures.

Harold Lloyd Seldom Rests

HE SELDOM takes a vacation, does Harold Lloyd. When he does, he takes a good long one, and goes to New York. Next year he is going to Europe. The rest of the time he spends his time between pictures working out his next story and cutting his last one. But he will stop a scene any time to work out a new puzzle! Puzzles are his hobby. He and his wife, Mildred Davis, are fond of swimming, and once in a while they manage an hour in which to take a trip to the beach. Harold has a nice swimming pool at his home, however, and so usually the swimming jaunt narrows down to a dip in his own pool.

Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good little girls, and love to take their respective mammas for automobile trips between pictures,—that is, when they aren't posing for fittings for their next pictures or for publicity stills for their last ones.

It looks as though the vivacious Barbara LaMarr spends her time between pictures in getting married and in looking for new babies to adopt. Now it seems that little baby Marvin is to have an Italian brother,—or is it sister?—anyhow Miss LaMarr has not been idle while in Rome, but has adopted another youngster.

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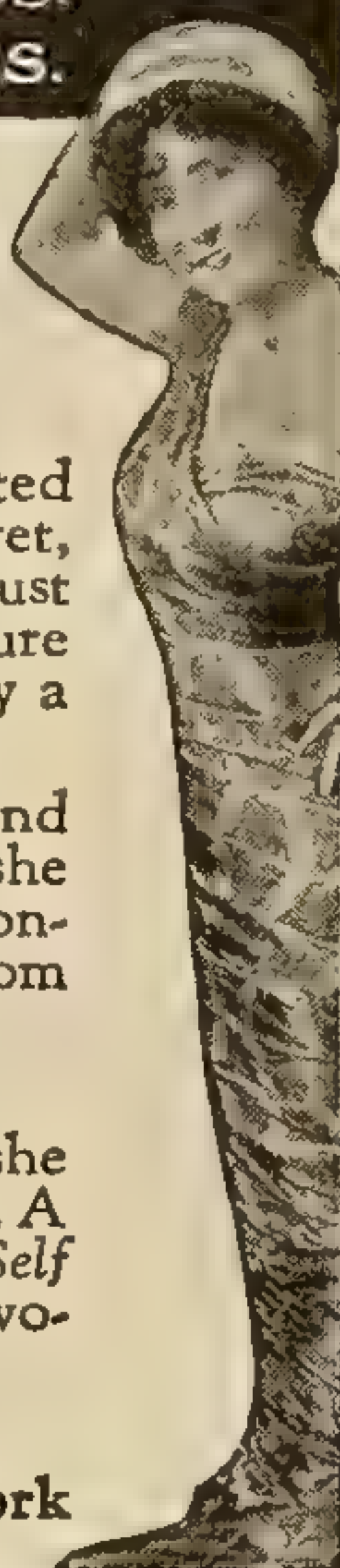
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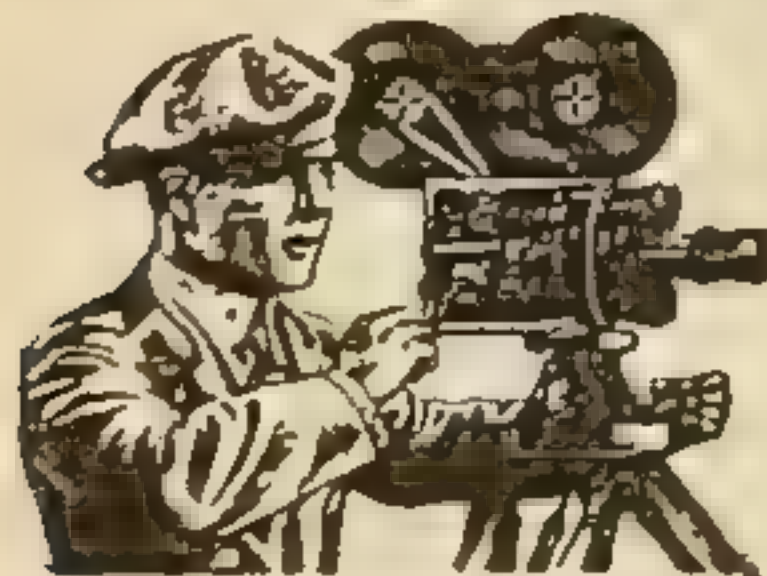
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The Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter

(Continued from page 30)

of that and it never occurred to Mrs. Shelby that Mary ought to learn.

It took the poor old dumb and half-witted public to discover what was wrong with Mary Miles Minter.

Mary Meets Taylor

MRS. SHELBY is the only person in the world who out-generated Adolph Zukor. Mary got the contract and was nicknamed a Realart star. One of her first pictures was *Anne of Green Gables*, directed by William Desmond Taylor.

Mary's Ma could out-manoeuvre Zukor but she couldn't battle with a growing girl. The best thing that a growing girl does is to fall in love.

The off-screen drama of Mary Miles Minter began to take on a sex interest which was forbidden in her films. Mrs. Shelby felt that a husband would considerably wreck the public's illusion of Mary as just a simple little girl. Moreover, a husband with brains and with ideas of his own about Mary's career would interfere with Mother's management.

Murder Brings Climax

IF TAYLOR hadn't been mysteriously murdered on Feb. 1, 1922, there would have been no grand, fifth reel climax to Mary's career. There would have been no "love drama" played up in the newspapers. There would have been only the story that Adolph Zukor had dropped another unprofitable star. For it was well-known that Famous Players-Lasky considered Mary too expensive a luxury even before the Taylor case brought her name into the limelight.

But Mary herself can't forget the Taylor case. While before the murder she had been rumored engaged to one Thomas Dixon and while since the affair she has been rumored engaged to Louis Sherwin, the scenario writer, Mary still insists that Taylor was the one big love of her life. That he has come to her since his death and assured her of his love. That her mother blighted the romance. That she is out to get the million, earned while she was legally a minor, and to avenge the death of the man she loved.

The Lost and Dead Love

THE lost and dead love. That, according to her own story, is the tragedy of her life.

But the real tragedy is something more extraordinary, something even

more hateful.

The tragedy of Mary Miles Minter is one of stunted youth and innocence gone wrong. One impossibly sweet story after another has left her with a desire to star herself in a lurid drama, the sort of thing she couldn't act on the screen.

Mary Miles Minter now is pursued by villainous and unnatural relatives. She is surrounded by gun men who are out to shoot her. Her mother ill and in the hospital? It is so much hokum, so much movie stuff to fool the public. Mary is hard. She wants her money and she wants the world to know she has been badly used.

She isn't playing in any more pictures. She is simply playing a leading role in another one of those sensational stories. William Taylor never directed such a melodrama nor did Louis Sherwin ever invent such a scenario.

Hokum, Love and Passion

SHE talks glibly of Hokum and love drama and deathless passion. She rattles off all the ingredients of a scenario.

As for the tangible issues at stake between her and her mother, they include an interest in a laundry in Hollywood and a house, now converted into apartments, where the family once lived.

Mary has been hiding in Altadena with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hurn. Mabel Normand, another figure in the Taylor case, also lives in Altadena. Mabel has never said what she thinks of Mary. Mrs. Hurn is a granddaughter of Gertrude Atherton and Mr. Hurn is a friend of Mr. Sherwin. Also around the premises is Hunter Kimbrough, brother-in-law of Upton Sinclair.

Waiting somewhere for Mary are her mother, her sister, who couldn't be turned into a movie star, and an elderly grandma who probably wonders what it is all about.

Nearly Did "The Covered Wagon"

MEANWHILE, to make things harder for Mary, a picture called *The Covered Wagon* is making a tremendous hit. It was originally purchased for Mary Miles Minter. But Mr. Lasky decided it would be too expensive to produce with such a high-salaried star. He offered Mary a chance to appear in it, with a reduction in salary, it is said.

But, so the story goes, Mary refused the reduction. Or her mother refused it. Anyway, *The Covered Wagon* went on to glory without her. (Cont'd. p. 100)

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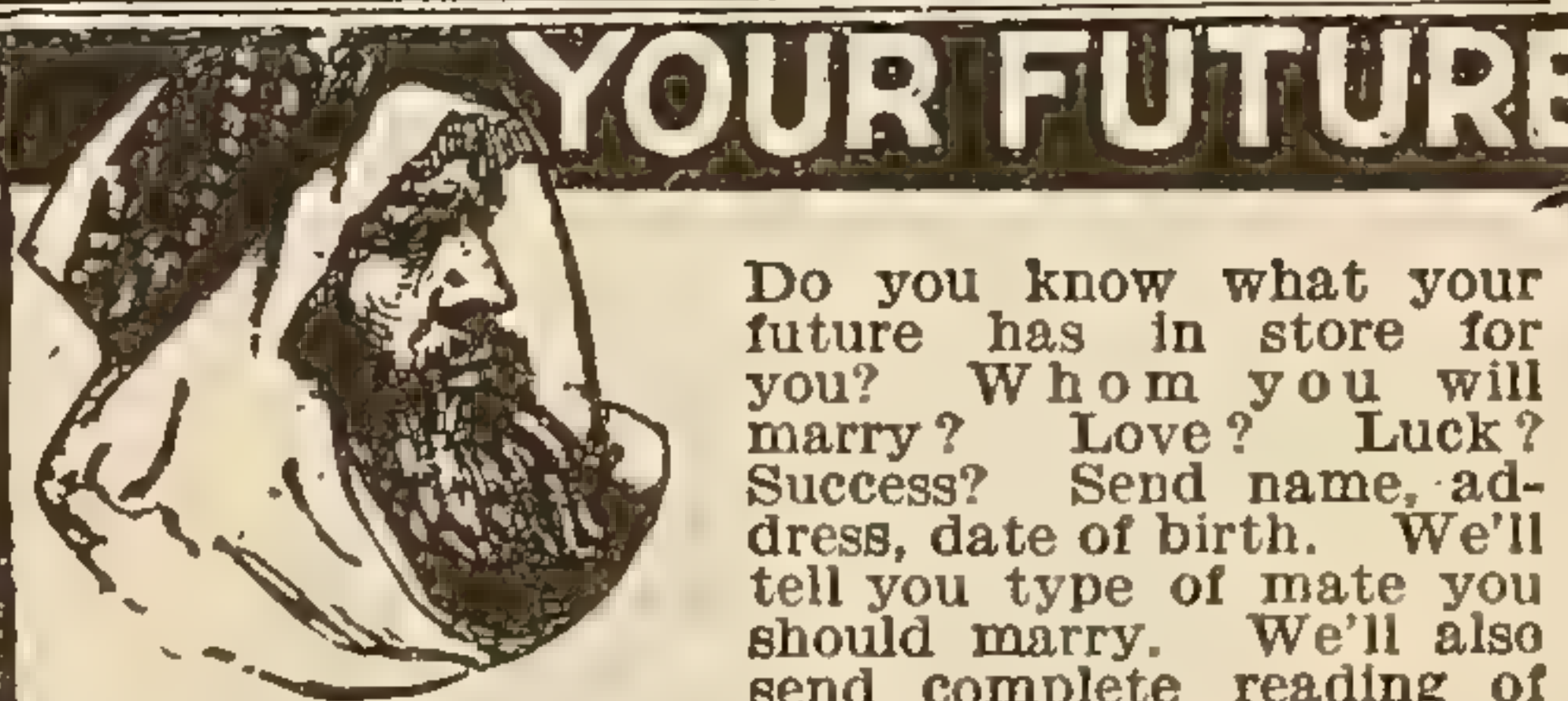
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A Flyer in Art

(Continued from page 55)

California?"

"No," I acknowledged humbly.

Mr. Bacon bent upon me a look of awful scorn.

Perhaps there was pity in it.

He walked away and I could hear whispers, "She's never been to California?"

I felt suspicion grow about me. Contempt. But not from Lloyd Hamilton.

A real heart beats beneath his rough slapstick exterior. He said he had known someone, once, a long time ago, who had never been further west than Kansas City; and he understood it was possible to live quite happily in the East.

"It isn't like California, of course," he added. "Seems funny to be riding to location here in the studio bus." There was a far-away look in his large eyes. Undoubtedly he had a vision of himself riding to location in California, himself and his large shoes and his make-up box filling his own car.

Still Recalls His Past

IF HE yearns for the great west he doesn't show it. Neither, however, does he attempt to smother his past. He admits he was *Ham of Ham and Bud*, in the days when Mickey Neilan was with Kalem.

"We thought we were real funny, then." His short comedies for Educational have brought him into favor. Remember his shoe-store scenes in *Uneasy Feet*? He's trying on shoes and every time the clerk asks him if he likes a pair, the feather in the hat of the lady sitting behind him tickles his ear and he shakes his head. Six hundred pairs of shoes were used in this one scene alone. Only Cecil De Mille could break this record.

Hamilton is an old trouser. He had his training in repertoire. He's been in pictures ever since they used to make one a week, or oftener. He has worked with lions and would rather work with anything else. He assures the skeptical, rather feelingly, that the lions he worked with—I think it was in *Roaring Lions and Wedding Bells*—had untrimmed claws, youth, and full possession of all their ivories.

Homesick for Old, Low Comedy

PERHAPS his wistful look is really a martyr expression, occasioned by homesickness for Hollywood and his good, old, low comedy. If so, he suffers in a worthy cause. It is for art. *Black and White* has its solemn moments when

Hamilton will be required to act, even as Schildkraut and Novello. How will it feel to go back to the old life, making two-reelers without any solemn moments? Will he decide that all true comedy has a touch of pathos and proceed to put it in? At any rate, come what will, he can always lift his head proudly and say, "I worked for Griffith."

He hasn't Schildkraut's profile, but I like him better.

Von Stroheim We Hand It to You

(Continued from page 19)

And, as they reached the bush they were to see the hand of the hunchback outstretched on the crimsoned snow.

Whole Sequence Eliminated

THERE was an extended sequence showing the affair of the count's wife with her groom, finally ending in the death of the woman, deserted and friendless, on the streets of Vienna. All this led logically and directly to the officer's regeneration and his return, freed, to the girl of the Prater.

Ever since *Merry-Go-Round* was produced—minus all credit to Von Stroheim—that director has declined to talk about the subject. These facts were not gained from Von Stroheim.

But, in justice to a much maligned man of rare directorial ability, we present our findings.

No matter how little actually remains of Von Stroheim's original scenes (and that remainder is considerably more than 600 feet, we are told) the obvious fact is manifest that *Merry-Go-Round* is his in every essential sense of the word. The story was shifted and abbreviated—but the spirit of Von Stroheim remained. And that spirit made *Merry-Go-Round* one of the best pictures of the past film year.

Tragedy of Mary Miles Minter

(Continued from page 99)

If Mary had ever been an honest-to-goodness actress with a scrap of real feeling for her work, the loss of *The Covered Wagon* would have been the biggest tragedy of all.

Wages of Realism

(Continued from page 39)

enough to require hospital aid. It was the zenith of realism.

Filming French Revolution

THE *Reign of Terror* sequence in Rex Ingram's production of *Scaramouche*, made at the Metro lot here, was literally that for the hundreds of extras who took part in the scenes depicting the Jacobin riots of the French Revolution, scores were dragged out feet first nightly.

Men and women, almost nude to the waist, gave Ingram a realistic portrayal of the horrendous mobs which overran Paris. The cameras were mounted on a moving platform, which was drawn away from the action, to produce the effect he desired. A throng of boys held flares to light the set. The flares sputtered, as such flares do, throwing white-hot sparks upon many naked torsos in the howling, seething mob, whose owners howled the louder, realistically and to the complete satisfaction of the megaphone men. Many a skin was seared that night and on other nights.

Famous Amazon Charge

A YEAR or so ago Allan Holubar produced *Man, Woman and Marriage*, one of those things with cut-backs from the Pictorial Age through the ages of history, Iron Age, Stone Age and so on.

On a Chatsworth location he attempted to catch, with his cameras, a charge of Amazons upon their sworn enemies,—men. Webster defines an Amazon as "a warlike woman." Ancient writers declare they had a different version of "arms and a man" than Vergil. They welded axe and javelin upon men with manly vigor. They rode wild horses and eschewed clothes. That was all and is all an average continuity writer is supposed to know of things Amazonian. It was believed to be enough to give theater-goers a thrill.

Hence horses were hired and extra girls too. The horses could charge but few of the girls could ride. A number of be-wigged men were introduced to swell the tide of Amazons. All were denuded and required to ride the steeds without saddles.

The weather at Chatsworth is torrid in summer. A California sun, beating down on bare skin, blisters. Horses, under its glare, sweat profusely until perspiration streams down to fetlocks and drips from shaggy bellies, when the teeds are forced to exert themselves.

Experienced horsemen, asked to ride under such conditions, would first laugh raucously and then grow indignant even to the extent of punching him, who suggested such a feat, on the nose if he proved to be insistent.

Beginners in equitation are soon irked by a saddle. The custom of dining from mantelpieces and evincing interest in downy cushions, when sitting, as the concomitant of early riding lesson, is a matter of almost universal knowledge.

Burned by the Sun

IMAGINE then the sorry plight of the girls who were required to ride unsaddled steeds as Amazons. Their bodies were burned to the raw by the sun. The tender skin of their thighs was abraded by the coarse hair of equine backs. The acrid sweat of the horses irritated the abrasions. Infections resulted.

Rehearsal after rehearsal was required for many of the girls had never been on a horse before and the charge desired had to be made at the gallop toward an army of masculine warriors. Finally the scene was essayed.

The oncoming wave of screaming Amazons on horses stampeding, uncontrollable by feminine hands, broke like surf on the ranks of the soldiery. A melee resulted. Girls fell from their mounts and men were struck down by flailing hoofs. Both men and girls were trampled under foot. Many were hurt. How many will never be known. An eye-witness describing the scene to me months afterward was still struck with the horror of it.

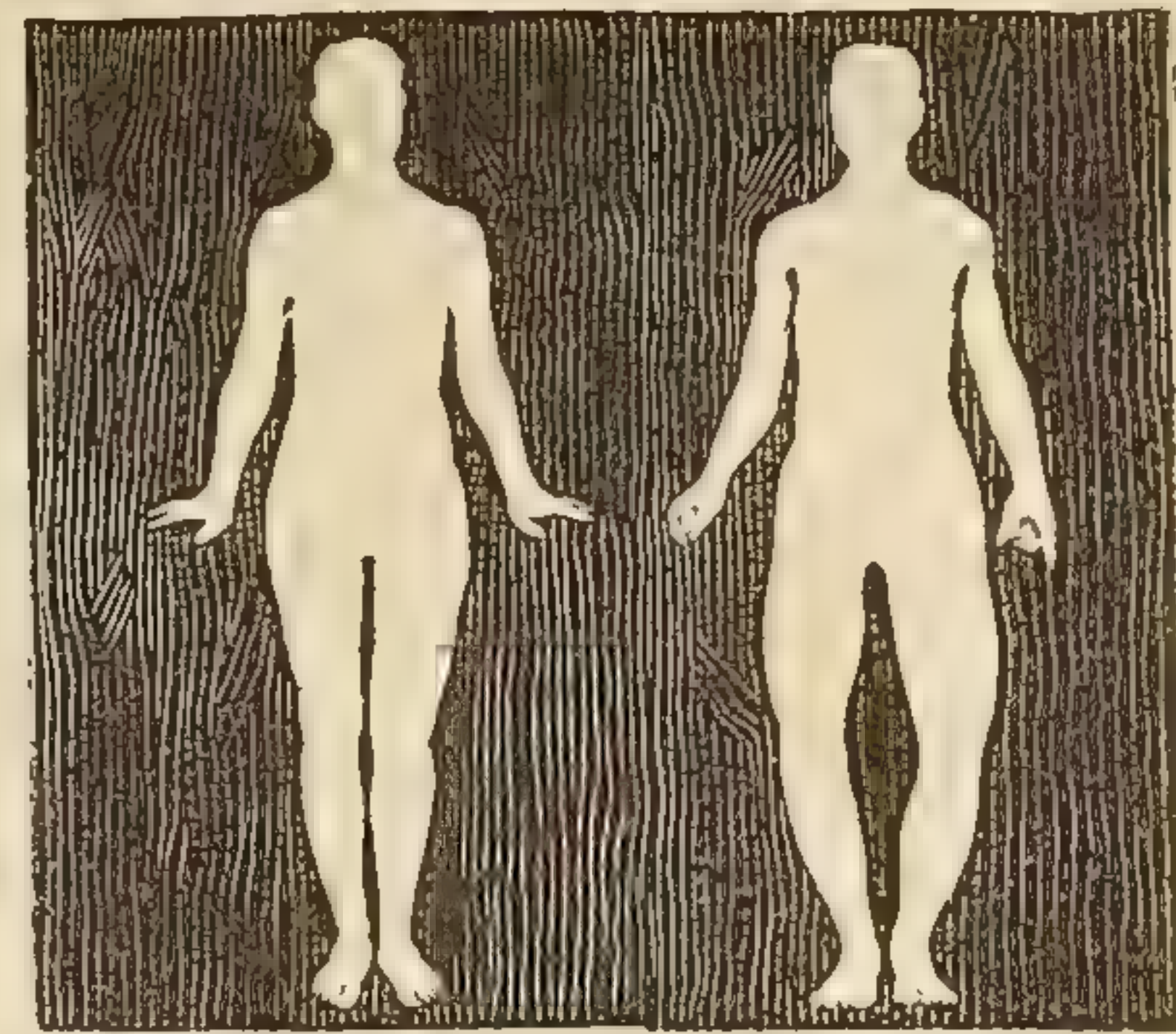
The Incident of Jackie's Double

IN *Long Live the King*, Jackie Coogan's feature film, based on the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, the script called for a big jump for the child star—from a window to the arms of Alan Forrest, as *Nicky*, mounted on a restive black horse.

Jackie, cast, of course, as the little *Prince Otto* could not be subjected to the hazard of a miss. The shot was kept in for its thrill value of which it assayed one hundred per cent. But with a double.

The double, about the size and age of Jackie, rehearsed the jump from the second story window into a net until it was thought the gymnastics of the stunt were perfected.

The net was removed and Forrest, mounted, took his position for the shot.



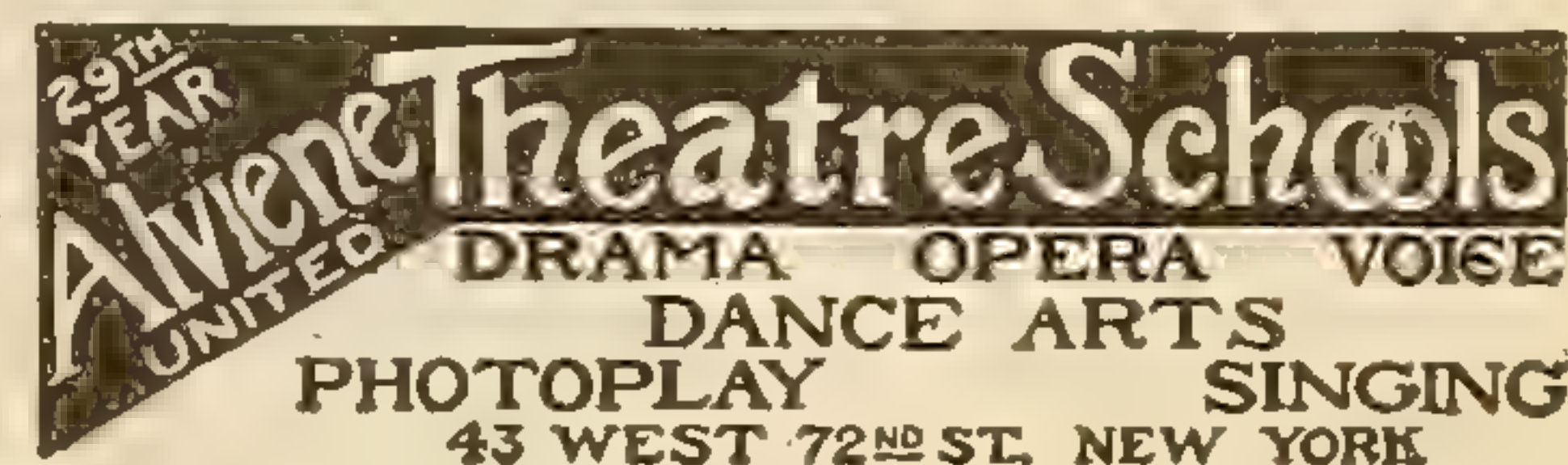
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Wages of Realism

The little double darted to window-sill. The cameras ground. On the very edge of the sill the Jackie substitute faltered. His face blanched with fear; his body was aquiver with terror. He couldn't make it.

The cameras stopped; parleying ensued. They tried it again, several times. The parleying became tinged with asperity. Finally the tiny lad ran to the sill and hurled himself from it. He had been told to keep his eyes open. When he jumped he shut them. His jump was short.

Actor Saves Child Extra

FORREST, with a superhuman effort, leaned far from his saddle, and saved the lad from death on the cobbles, by clutching his hair, thus breaking the fall.

I do not know whether they tried it again. I did not have the heart to ask.

But I do know that all the time the little lad was steeling himself for the leap which meant life or death, his mother strutted nonchalantly about the lot, apparently oblivious to the potential tragedy impending.

How the jump was made in the picture has been thoroughly explained—a dummy and a trick shot. In fact a dummy dressed in a sailor suit such as *Otto* wore was conspicuous on the lot for days thereafter. But I prefer to believe a trusted friend who saw the

scene I have described.

I once discussed cinema casualties with a studio official. "Accidents happen in motion-picture making even as they do in any other industry," was an excuse offered. But in other industries the owners of plants and factories do not deliberately go out of their way and invite disasters.

Woods Full of Extras

AN industrial accident may cost the life of a trained and trusted employee or maim a valued, loyal worker so as to unfit him for his job. And such men are all too few. Even the most hide-bound, calloused members of the class termed "capitalistic" by the radical element will tell you that.

But as for actors and extras—

"Why the woods are full of them!"

Anyone in the motion-picture industry from an office-boy to Will H. Hayes will tell you that.

This taking chances with human lives is one day going to cost the cinema industry dearly, I predict. The quest of a thrill to the beat of the drums of jeopardy will end in disaster so great as to awaken national, if not universal, indignation.

But for the present there are many who jest at, if they do not ignore, the wages of realism in the canning of thrills.

Whispers from Broadway

IT IS said that Raymond Hitchcock is going to star next season in *The Old Soak* on tour, though it's hard to believe it; that the stage door man at the New Amsterdam Theatre, where the *Follies* is playing, never forgets a masculine face; that the Shuberts have insured their production of *The Passing Show* against the withdrawal of any members of their beauty chorus on account of marriage; that the success of *Rain* has influenced the production of a new play entitled "*Red Light Annie*," in which Mary Ryan will appear; that Fay Bainter, the wife of Commander Reginald Venable, recently became the mother of a boy.

Cohan and Brown in Verbal Tilt

GEORGE M. COHAN did not like Heywood Broun's criticism of his new production, *Two Fellows and a Girl*, and

had an advertisement of the play inserted in the dailies which read:

"Heywood's mad and I'm glad,

For I can never please him;

A Cohan run has just begun,

And that is sure to tease him."

The next day Broun offered his column in the *World* to the producer to review the play. Cohan took advantage of the offer and wrote a characteristic article in which he kept referring to the critic as "dear old fellow," "dear old chap," "dear old Hey," "old top," and other expressions so familiar to Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

PEGGY JOYCE has been appearing in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* for more than a month and to date the press agent has not announced her engagement to either an American millionaire or a foreign nobleman.

Adventuring Among the Stars

(Continued from page 21)

Pola so much that she chuckles with glee if it is called to her attention. "No," she said, making a doleful face, "I am so unpopular; that is why I am so sad. Whom do I like best on the screen? I like Lillian Gish. She is the greatest screen actress in America. But she would not be were she compelled to stay out here. The climate depresses me. It is so warm—always sunshine—sunshine. My head aches all the time. It is not too good to work here all the time." And we agree with Pola perfectly about that. It is not too good!

Hollywood Is Depressing

IT SEEMS to us that any actress who makes pictures on the coast should come to New York between productions or she will cease to make good pictures. The atmosphere out there is narrow and depressing. The ideas go around in circles so that if you launch one on Monday it ought to get back to you again by Friday, at the latest. We found the Talmadge girls much changed from their sojourn on the coast. When Constance was working here in New York she had the world at her feet. At the Montmartre she was always the best dancer on the floor. Her conquests were many. She was filled with the joy of living. Her bons mots were remembered. She was quoted.

"I'm bored—I'm bored to extinction!" she said wearily when I saw her for the first time in California.

Coast Changes the Talmadges

"SHOULDN'T you love to go back to New York?" we asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What difference does it make? All places are alike when you are working. That's what I'm out here for—to work. You know—the climate—the light—everything—good for pictures."

"Yes, but not good for young stars," we replied. "'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'" And the vivacious Norma, too, seemed apathetic. As sure as the world, California does that to you and our motives are not entirely selfish ones when we say that we wish the Talmadges would all move back to New York.

It isn't so bad for girls who come to Hollywood from Weeweedin or Seacausis, where they won beauty contests. To them Los Angeles must seem great and mysterious and wicked. They go about for years, wide-eyed and vague, without knowing what it is all about.

The movies are full of them and sometimes it seems to us that the less an ingenue has inside her head, the more she seems to be able to do with the outside of it. It is undoubtedly true that much of the fine screen acting which one sees does not emanate from the brain underneath the curly locks of the heroine or the slick coiffure of the hero.

The Film Flapper Mirrors

SOME directors seem to be able to throw their own emotions onto the faces of their people as though they were mirrors. Of course, the less there is to interfere with the reflection, the better the results. If you do not believe we are right, listen to this. One of the greatest actresses on the screen told us that she had difficulty in getting her husband away from a party, adding—"He's such a gay Othello!" And the greatest actor on the screen told us that actors depended too much on their "spontaneity."

We find that this communication has become so very frank that we will have to let some of our subjects travel incognito; and while we are about it, we'll put one more on this list. This one we would not identify for anything. He is a handsome leading man but that tells nothing.

We encountered him in one of the studios in California and immediately recognized him as an erstwhile carriage man somewhere in New York. We used to call him by his first name, but that isn't his first name any more. He is terribly popular out there and goes about everywhere. He pledged us to be silent and we have been; though we hope that some day when he is dancing so gracefully somebody won't blow a whistle. He might stop, touch his forehead and say, "Ay, ay, sir—right here!"

Richard Dix Is Likeable

RICHARD DIX is an actor we like, but one is surprised to find him so unsophisticated and you never would believe that he had been on the stage in New York. He is the sort who will surely have but one wife and he will call her "the little woman."

Conrad Nagel is another young actor who is interesting, but it's funny how he has changed. We met him years ago when he was playing with Alice Brady in *Forever After*. That was

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Adventuring Among the Stars

(Continued from page 103)

before he went in pictures and we thought he was one of the most fascinating and promising blond youngsters we had encountered. Then he went on the screen and took himself to the coast and now you should hear what they say about him.

It was told to us on good authority that the motion picture interests will not allow Conrad Nagel or Lois Wilson to leave Hollywood because they have to prove to probers that the motion picture business is entirely respectable and the people in it are without guile.

Lois Wilson: Moral Signpost

So maybe we were wrong in our estimate of Mr. Nagel and, again, maybe they are. But Miss Wilson we are not mistaken about. She is a jolly soul and we encountered her every time we went to the Cocoanut Grove to a dance. She vowed each time that she was there for some philanthropic reason such as entertaining her class in college, or giving a benefit bridge, but we hoped she wasn't telling the truth. She is such a peach of a girl that we should like to think of her going about and having a marvelous time as a young girl should. Only, people have had her on a pedestal for so long that she seems to feel as though she has to apologize if she is having a good time.

Meeting Charles de Roche

THE day we had luncheon with Pola Negri we stopped on the set where they were making *The Cheat*. Charles de Roche plays the dark-skinned man in this picture, but he wasn't playing that day. He wore civilian clothes and because his shoulders were at least 38 inches across we thought he had on one of those horrid coats with padded shoulders; and because of that coat we pleaded another engagement and hurried away to our rendezvous with Pola. And then we saw Charles in *The Law of the Lawless*, and found that those shoulders are all his own. And think how we feel! He is, to our way of thinking, the most attractive of the leading men. They say those shoulders are even more in evidence in *The Fawn*, which William de Mille is making.

Kenneth Harlan's Ears

METRO put out a picture early in the

season—a marvelous, colored thing called *Toll of the Sea*, with Kenneth Harlan playing the hero. We never had seen him in person because he absents himself entirely from New York. When we arrived in Hollywood we inquired for Mr. Harlan and learned that he was out on location and wouldn't be back for two weeks; so we remarked idly, "What a shame!" We wanted to find out if in real life he has such beautiful pink ears as he has in the pictures. Well, on the morning after the next one we found a huge basket of flowers at our door when we awoke. It was from Mr. Harlan and the card said that he had come back from location just to prove to us that "they were"; of course we knew what he meant, and "they are."

Alice Terry Is Surprising

"I'd love to meet Alice Terry," everyone says. "She looks so sweet and gentle," which in our estimation is equivalent to saying that anyone is a "nice girl." Now, Alice is not the sort who would blush with delight if you gave her a smile and I'm darn sure she never would tremble with fear at your frown. In the first place, Miss Terry has auburn hair so dark that it passes for black. She has a rapier-like wit. She dresses extravagantly, and she is a striking beauty of the Spanish type. Never have we been so surprised as when we first met Miss Terry. We, too, were all prepared for an "Alice Ben Bolt" girl. But she is a baffling sort of creature who is far more fascinating than any "sweet" girl ever could be. Rex Ingram, her director-manager-husband, says he understands her and perhaps he does.

"Our Mary" Is Wistful

NO record would be complete without Mary Pickford. She is the dearest little thing you can possibly imagine; and to us there is a strangely pathetic quality in her voice and in her, too, that we never can explain even to ourself. Why should Miss Pickford be wistful? She has everything in the world that any woman could want, including a terribly nice husband who is in love with her. The thought that one has a secret sorrow and that you are the one who has discovered its presence—well, that is really the one touch which makes the whole world kin.

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Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

Along-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.

*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*

—Omar Khayyam.



A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.



Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes the organism, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

Now the long search has been rewarded. A "fountain of youth" has been found! Science announces unconditionally that youthful vigor can be restored quickly and safely. Lives clouded by weakness can be illumined by the sunlight of health and joy. Old age, in a sense, can be kept at bay and youth made more glorious than ever. And the discovery which makes these amazing results possible is something any man or woman, young or old, can easily use in the privacy of the home, unknown to relative, friend or acquaintance.

The discovery had its origin in famous European laboratories. Brought to America, it was developed into a product that has given most remarkable results in thousands of cases, many of which had defied all other treatments. In scientific circles the discovery has been known and used for several years and has caused unbounded amazement by its quick, harmless, gratifying action. Now, in convenient tablet form, under the name of Korex compound, it is available to the general public.

Anyone who finds the youthful stamina ebbing, life losing its charm and color or the feebleness of old age coming on too soon, can obtain a double-strength treatment of this compound, sufficient for ordinary cases, under a positive guarantee that it costs nothing if it fails and only \$2 if it produces prompt and gratifying results. In average cases, the compound often brings about amazing benefits in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Simply write in confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 811 Melton Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and this wonder restorative will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper. You may enclose \$2 or, if you prefer, just send your name without money and pay the postman \$2 and postage when the parcel is delivered. In either case, if your report after a week that the Korex compound has not given satisfactory results, your money will be refunded immediately. The Melton Laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable. Moreover, their offer is fully guaranteed, so no one need hesitate to accept it. If you need this remarkable scientific rejuvenator, write for it today.

Gray Hair Conquered

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A Scientific Discovery That Has Restored Youthful Appearance to Thousands

A True Substitute for the Lost Color
Results in a Week

"Isn't it astonishing?"

"What will happen next?"

"Is gray hair to become a thing of the past?"

Such questions as these have been asked over and over again ever since it was announced that a scientist had discovered a liquid which, although colorless itself, would restore the original color to gray hair.

It actually seemed unbelievable at first, but the experience of people everywhere has proved that the seemingly impossible has been accomplished.

This now famous preparation, which is known as Kolor-Bak, has actually given us the means to baffle the effects of Time. Many a woman whose graying hair was beginning to make her look "too old" for the gaieties of the younger set, and many a man whose grayness threatened to keep him from promotion or from employment suited to his ability, have taken years from their appearance with this clean, colorless liquid.

There is really no excuse for anyone to be gray when there is such an easy way to keep the hair from showing even the slightest change in color.

The secret of Kolor-Bak is told below. If you are growing gray, here is news that will interest you.



How Long Will You Endure Grayness When You Can Banish It So Easily?

If you have been allowing gray hair to get the best of you—if you have accepted grayness as something inevitable, something you can't help—it's time to look about you and see what Science has done for people like you.

If you could only know how many of the people who "never seem to grow old" owe their youthful appearance to Kolor-Bak, you would realize what a truly remarkable preparation it is, and you would not wonder at the thought of gray hair becoming a thing of the past.

And if you could talk to any of the multitude of people who have been through the experience of seeing their hair turn gray and who then have seen it return to its original color—even to the exact former shade—under the touch of Kolor-Bak, you would soon find that there is no reason for concern about your grayness, and you would take this easy way to conquer it.

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

Preparations of every sort have been and are sold for the purpose of restoring the lost color. Some are merely colored dyes or stains. Others have been represented as having the power to replace the pigment by revitalizing the follicles—but the claims put forth for these preparations have no foundation in scientific fact. They are known to be false by scientific men, who have investigated all the methods generally in use. They are known to be false by those who have used these compounds with unsatisfactory results.

The discovery of Kolor-Bak came as a revelation to the multitude who had turned to ordinary preparations in the hope of restoring the lost color and who so many times had found that promises were not fulfilled by performance.

They realized that at

last a real substitute for the vanished pigmentation had been discovered. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used.

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde, etc.—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

Kolor-Bak also gives beauty to the hair in renewed gloss, silky texture and luxuriant appearance. The hair does not look streaked or dyed—color is uniform throughout. Results appear in a week.

**Banishes Dandruff
 Relieves Itching Scalp
 Stops Falling Hair**

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original color to the hair, it has a tonic and cleansing effect on hair and scalp. It banishes dandruff and keeps the pores from being clogged with scurf and scale, and gives a delightful sense of cleanliness. Itching stops, and if the hair has been falling out the falling soon ceases. Kolor-Bak is not mussy, sticky or greasy. It is as easy to use as water.

**Amazing Results
 Reported**

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere come words like these:

"It restored the natural color to my hair."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger."
 (A Typical Letter)

KOLOR-BAK
 NOW AT ALL DRUG STORES
 AND DRUG DEPARTMENTS—THE WORLD OVER

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

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To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a trial offer, particulars of which will be sent on request, or you can get Kolor-Bak with our money-back guarantee at your dealer's.

No matter what you have used, unless you have already tried Kolor-Bak you have not found the truly effective way to restore the vanished color.

Of course you will want to compare this remarkable method with other preparations. We want you to see the difference between Kolor-Bak and anything else you have tried, and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. All that we can say, convincing as it may be, means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon, which will bring not only the Trial Offer, but also our valuable book on Care of the Hair—Free.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 South Peoria Street, Dept. 11386 Chicago, Ill.

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